

THE SHEPHERDS

Норс

Faith

Obedience

Good work

RELIGION



(Written by Fran: Quarles.)

London Printed for John Marriott and Richard Marriott

THE
SHEPHEARDS

O R A C L E S:

Edward Glanvill

D E L I V E R E D

IN CERTAIN

Eglogues.

By FRA: QUARLES.

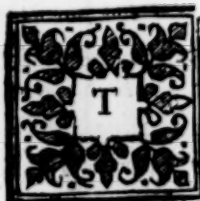
L O N D O N,

Printed by M. F. for *John Marriot* and *Richard Marriot*, and
are to be sold at their shop in *S. Dunstons Church-yard Fleetstreet*,
under the Dyall. 1646.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

To the Reader.

Reader,



Ho the Authour had some years before his lamented death, compos'd, review'd, and corrected these Eglogues; yet, he left no Epistle to the Reader, but onely a Title, and a blanke leafe for that purpose.

Whether he meant some Allegoricall exposition of the Shepheards names, or their Eglogues, is doubtfull: but 'tis certain, that as they are, they appear a perfect pattern of the Authour; whose person, and minde, were both lovely, and his conversation such as distill'd pleasure, knowledge, and vertue, into his friends and acquaintance.

'Tis confest, these Eglogues are not so wholly divine as many of his publisht Meditations, which speak his affections to be set upon things that are above, and yet even such men have their intermitted howres, and (as their company gives occasion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly thoughts.

You are therefore requested to fancy him cast by fortune into the company of some yet unknown Shepheards: and you have a liberty to beleeve 'twas by this following accident.

To the Reader.

“ He in a Sommers morning (about that howre
“ when the great eye of Heaven first opens it selfe to
“ give light to us mortals) walking a gentle pace to-
“ wards a Brook (whose Spring-head was not far di-
“ stant from his peacefull habitation) fitted with An-
“ gle, Lines, and Flyes: Flyes proper for that season
“ (being the fruitfull Month of May;) intending all di-
“ ligence to beguile the timorous Trout, (with which
“ that watry element abounded) observ’d a more then
“ common concourse of Shepheards, all bending their
“ unwearied steps towards a pleasant Meadow within
“ his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy
“ to behold the two fair Shepheardesses Amaryllis and
“ Aminta strewing the foot-paths with Lillies, and
“ Ladysmocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands,
“ that they yet smelt more sweet then the morning,
“ and immediately met (attended with Clora Clo-
“ rinda, and many other Wood-nymphs) the fair and
“ vertuous Parthenia: who after a courteous salutati-
“ on and inquiry of his intended Iourney, told him the
“ neighbour-Shepheards of that part of Arcadia had
“ dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their
“ great God Pan; and, that they had designed her Mi-
“ stresse of a Love-feast, which was to be kept that pre-
“ sent day, in an Arbour built that morning, for that
purpose

To the Reader.

“ purpose ; she told him also, that Orpheus would bee
“ there, and bring his Harp, Pan his Pipe, and Tite-
“ rus his Oaten-reed, to make musick at this feast ; shee
“ therefore perswaded him, not to lose, but change that
“ dayes pleasure ; before he could return an answer
“ they were unawares entred into a living moving Lane,
“ made of Shepheards and Pilgrimes ; who had that
“ morning measured many miles to be eye-witnesses of
“ that days pleasure ; this Lane led them into a large
“ Arbour, whose wals were made of the yeelding Willow,
“ and smooth Beech boughs : and covered over with Sy-
“ camore leaves, and Honysuccles. I might now tell in
what manner (after her first entrance into this Arbour)
Philoclea (Philoclea the fair Arcadian Shephear-
desse) crown’d her Temples with a Garland, with what
flowers, and by whom twas made ; I might tell what
guests (besides Aistrea and Adonis) were at this feast,
and who (beside Mercury) waited at the Table, this I
might tell : but may not, cannot expresse what musick
the Gods and Wood-nymphs made within ; and the Li-
nits, Larks, and Nightingales about this Arbour, during
this holy day : which began in harmlesse mirth, and (for
Bacchus and his gang were absent) ended in love and
peace, which Pan (for he onely can doe it) continue in Ar-
cadia, and restore to the disturbed Island of Bri-
tannia,

To the Reader.

tannia, and grant that each honest Shepheard may again sit under his own Vine and Fig-tree, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankfull.

Reader, at this time and place, the Authour contracted a friendship with certain single-hearted Shepheards: with whom (as he return'd from his River-recreations) he often rested himself, and whilest in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard that discourse, which (with the Shepheards names) is presented in these Eglogues.

A friend of the Authours wisht me to tell thee so, this
9. of Novem. 1645.

JO: MARRIOT.

The

THE
SHEPHERDS
ORACLES.

EGLOGVE I.

{Gallio. }
{Britannus. }

GALL.

HEaven-blest *Britannus*; thou, whose Oaten Reed
Sings thy *True-Love*, whilst thy proud flocks do
Secure about thee, on this fruitfull Brow: (feed
Above all Shepherds, ô how blest art Thou!
Your fruitfull Pastures flourish, and appeare
Fresh, and in perfect verdure all the yeare:
No Summers fire, nor Winters frost impaire
Your thriving Plains, continuing fresh and faire,
And full of vigor, like th'Elysian Lay,
Where every season's like the month of May:
Your milkwhite Ewes enrich your peacefull grounds,
No snarles of Foxes, nor the yelps of Hounds

B

Disturb

Disturbe their quiet ; whilst your sporting Lambs,
With bended knees, draw blessings from their dams.
How happy ! O how more then all the rest,
In the wide world, are *Britaine* Shepherds blest.

B R I T.

True, *Gallio*, we poore Shepherds doe inherit
A happinesse transcending farre our merit ;
We have no grieffe, no misery but this,
Senselesse we are, and blind to our owne Blisse :
Goods without evils are oftentimes despis'd,
And common happinesse is lowly priz'd :
But tel me *Gallio*, make relation how
Your pastures flourish, and what flocks have you :
What kind of government doe you live under,
That mak' st our State the object of your wonder.

G A L L.

Ah, gentle Shepherd, there, there lyes the Corne
That wrings poore *Gallios* toe : O ! there's the thorne
That stings my bleeding heart. The sad relation
Of our dyasters, will revive such passion
In my spent bosome, that each wounding word
Will prove a dagger, and each line a sword :
Come, sit thee downe beneath this shady Beech,
And lend thine eare : Full hearts are eas'd by speech,
I'll tell thee, whilst thy busie flocks doe feed,

B R I T.

Wounds fester, Swaine, the lesse, the more they bleed :
Speake freely then, and this sad heart of mine
Shall comfort thee, or else shall bleed with thine.

G A L L.

GALL.

Then, Shepherd, know : There was a time (alas !
My heart even faints to think that word, There was)
Wherein our fruitfull Pastures were as fair
As faithfull Shepherds, by their fervent prayer,
Could make them, trench'd, and quickset round about,
Could neither Fox get in, nor Flocks get out :
Deep were the Trenches, and divinely fill'd
With living waters, waters that were still'd
In heavens great Limbeck, whose celestially power
Exceeds a strong believe ; but this short hower
We have to spend, can onely give a touch
In things of large discourse ; Onely thus much,
The German *Spaw* (nor yet your Britain *Bath*)
Hath not such vertue, as this water hath :
Now my *Britannus*, needs me not to tell
How rare's the kernell, when so sweet's the shell ;
Amongst wise Shepherds is not often found
Costly inclosures, and a barren ground ;
No, no, *Britannus* ; the bright eye of day,
That in twelve measur'd howers, does survey
The moiety of this earth, did ne'er behold
More glorious Pastures : Nay, I dare be bold
(With awefull reverence to our great God *Pan*)
To say, that heaven could not devise on man
A Good we had not, nor augment our store
(If earth makes happy) with one blessing more :
Our flocks were faire, and fruitfull, and stood sound ;
Our grounds enricht them ; they enricht the ground :
The Alpine mountaines could not boast nor show
So pure a whiteneffe, white surpassing snow :

Our ub'rous Ewes were evermore supply'd
With twins, attending upon either side,
Whose milk-abounding bags did overflow:
They fed our Lambs, and fill'd our dayry too:
In those past daies our Shepherds knew not what
Red-water meant; that common language, Rott,
Was neither fear'd, nor knowne; nor did they feare
That heart-confounding name of Massacre:
There was no putrid Scabbe to exercise
The malice of the maggot-blowing flies,
Whose Prince, *Belzebub*, (if report be true)
Breath'd forth his loud Retreat, and raging drew
His buzzing Army thence; and, for a time,
Led them to forage in another Clime;
And, to conclude, no Shepherd ere did keep
More thriving grounds, nor grounds, more dainty sheep:
O my *Britannus*, in those halcyon daies,
Our jolly Shepherds thirsted after praise,
Not servil wages; They were, then, ambitious
Of Fame; whose flocks should be the most auspicious;
Who, by most care, should most encrease their fold;
They hunted after faire report, not Gold: (sheep,
They were good Shepherds, and they lov'd their
Watch'd day and night: One eye would never sleep:
Small Cottages would serve their turnes; That day
Knew no such things as Robes: A Shepherds gray
Would cloath their backs: for, being homly drest, (best:
Their sheep, whose fleece they wore, would know them
They were good Shepherds; seldome durst they feed
On Cates, or drink the Juice that does proceed
From dangerous vines, for feare the fumes should steep
Their braines too much, and they neglect their sheep:
They

They were good Shepheards; these would every day
Twice tell their flocks, and, then, at night, convey
A secret blessing, got by fervent prayer,
Into their peacefull bosomes unaware : (downe
They were good Shepheards ; They would even lay
Their dearest lives, nay more, the eternall Crowne
Of promis'd Immortality, to keep
Their lambs from danger, and preserve their sheep :
But now, ah! now, those precious daies are done
With us poore Shepheards : ah! those times are gone,
Gone like our joyes, and never to returne :
Our joyes are gone, and we left here, to mourne :
Let this relation of those times of old,
Suffice ; the rest were better be untold.

B R I T.

My dearest *Gallio*, had it pleased heaven,
I wish no further matter had been given
To thy discourse : it would have pleas'd mine care,
And eas'd thy tongue t'have pitch'd thy period here ;
But since our God, that can doe nothing ill,
Hath sent a Change, we must submit our will ;
What he hath made the subject of thy story,
Feare not to tell; his ends are his own glory :
There's nothing constant here ; the States of Kings,
As well as Shepheards, are but tickle things :
Good daies, on earth, continue but a while ;
We must have vinegar as well as oyle :
There must be rubs ; can earth admit all levell ?
The hist'ry of a State is good and evill.
Speake then my *Gallio*, this attentive eare
Can not heare worse then 'tis prepar'd to heare.

GALL.

Know'st thou *Britannus*, what, in daies of old,
 Our great God *Pan*, by Oracle foretold
 Of that brave City (whose proud buildings stood
 As firme as earth, till stain'd with Shepherds blood)
 That there's a time should come, wherein not one
 Should live to see a stone upon a stone?
 And is not, now, that prophecy made good? (stood:
 Growes not grasse there, where these proud buildings
 Nay, my *Britannus*, what concernes us more,
 Did not that Oracle, in times of yore,
 Threaten to send his Foxes from their Holds,
 Into our Vines? and Wolves into our Folds?
 To breake our Fences, and to make a way
 For the wilde Boare to ramble, and to prey
 Where ere he pleas'd? O gentle Shepherd, thus,
 Thus that prophetick evill's made good in us:
 Our Hedge is broken, and our Pastures yeeld
 But slender profit: All's turn'd Common-field:
 Our Trenches are fill'd up: our crySTALL Springs
 Are choak'd with Earth, and Trash, and baser things:
 Our Shepherds are growne Plough-men all, and now
 Our generous *Crooke* is turn'd a crooked *Plough*:
 Shepherds build *Halls*, and carry Princely ports,
 Their *woolls* are chang'd to *silks*; their *Cotts* to *Courts*:
 They must have hospitable *Barnes* to keep
 Riot on foot: no matter now for Sheep;
 Turne them to graze upon the common Fallowes,
 Whilst the luxurious Shepherd swills, and wallowes
 In his own vomit: Having swallowed downe
Goblets

Goblets of wine, he snorts in beds of Doun,
 Whilst his poore Lambs, his poore neglected Lambs
 Bend fruitless knees before their milklefs Dams :
 Nay, my *Britannus*, now these pamper'd Swaines
 Are grown so idle, that they think it paines
 To sheare their fleeces: No, they must be pickt
 And rins'd in *holy-water* (they are strict
 To touch defiled things) must be presented
 Upon the knee, as if they had repented
 Their service, and for which they must deserve
 But what? A Dispensation now to sterve.

B R I T.

But stay, my *Gallio*, let not my attention
 Too farre exceed my slower apprehension;
 'Tis better manners t' interrupt, then heare
 Things serious with an ill-instructed eare :
 Make me conceive your forain acceptation
 Of that ambiguous word of *Dispensation*.

G A L L.

It is a tearm that forain Shepheards use
 Too much, (I was about to say, abuse.)
 In elder times, when Pastors tooke delight
 To feed their flocks, and not their appetite,
 It was a word exprest (now fals asleep
 To that true sense) A feeding of the sheep:
 But now 'tis alter'd, and it does appeare
 Differing as much, as they from what they were :
 And if your gentle patience will excuse it,

A

A word too much shall tell you how they use it :
 In times of yore the pious minded Swaine
 Finding base Sodomy, and Incest raigne
 In looser brests, taught their obedient Sheep
 T'observe those laws that Goats refus'd to keep,
 Forbidding Twins to couple, and the Rams
 To take a carnall knowledge of their Dams :
 To which intent it was their studious care
 To sever all such flocks as might not paire :
 So much those holy Swaines abominated
 Unnaturall Incest (as we finde related)
 That even among their sheep they thought it good
 To punish such enormous crimes with blood,
 Not to be us'd for sacrifice, nor food :
 But now *Britannus*, times are growne more course,
 Declin'd from good to bad ; from bad to worse :
 Those rules are broke by these licentious times,
 Lawes are esteem'd no lawes ; and crimes no crimes.
 'Tis true, our Rascall-sheep, whose fly-blown skin
 Hath lost her fleece, and brings no profit in,
 To such, the law continues firm and strict,
 On such the hand of justice does inflict
 The height of law ; But those, whose fleecy loines
 Beare thriving burdens, there th'Edict injoines
 An easie penance : sisters with their brothers,
 And budding Rams may tup with their own mothers :
 (O ! where the sacred bell of profit rings,
 Murthers are merits, Rapes are veniall things)
 Such may transgresse their pleasures, such may doe
 Their lists, be' incestuous with their Shepheard too.
 Such may have Pardons for elapsed crimes,
 And cheape Indulgences for present times :

Nay,

Nay, more then that, a Twin-producing suitor
Shall finde a Dispensation for the future:
A liberty to sinne for yeares, or life, our Nation
(In a more shadow'd tearm) tearms *Dispensation*.

BRIT.

Monsters of monsters ! ô prodigious shame
To all mankind, and staine to Shepherds name !
I thought, our Shepherds had deserv'd the stile
Of bad, till now ; and (to speake truth) a while,
Vpon the entrance of thy sad complaint,
I fear'd thy gamesome wit began to paint,
In shadow'd Scopticks, some that beare the Crook
In our blest Island ; to which end, I took
Vngranted leave to hinder your relation,
With a forc'd ignorance of *Dispensation*,
To feele thy bent, But now my jealousyes
Are made unhappy losers by their feares :
But tell me *Gallio*, (for the eye of heaven
Is yet unclos'd, and hath not quite made even (keep
With earth) where graze thy flocks, and to whose
Hast thou committed thy absented sheep.

GALL.

Nor dare, nor can I tell, unlesse thine eares
Will give me leave to mingle words with teares,
And teares with blood, & blood with saddest moanes,
And moanes with sobs, and sobs with deepest groanes:
O my *Britannus*, 'tis not yet two yeares
Twise fully told, since my abundant teares

C

Began

Began to flow : I had, I had, till than,
 The fairest flock that ever eye of man
 Beheld, with envy; (ah ! I had but few,
 My deare *Britannus*, if compar'd with you :)
 But 'twas a thriving flock : for bone and fleece,
Arcadia, no nor all the plaines in *Greece*
 Could show the like : it was my onely grieve,
 That my report (exceeding all believe)
 Was counted fictitious : when I made my boast,
 'Twas thought but my affections voice, at most :
 Ah gentle Swaine, the poorest Lamb I had
 Did beare a fleece, nay such a fleece, as clad
 A naked brother, and the meanest Ewe
 In all my flock did suckle ne'er so few
 As Twins, besides the surplusage, that fed
 A leash of Orphans, in their mothers stead :
 Nay, (as these eyes can witnesse) on a day,
 One of my weaker yeanelings hapt to stray,
 Where, being fast upon a crooked Bryer,
 The rest came in, and gently did supply her
 With all the strength they could ; I could not choose
 But smile ; to see while some assaid to loose
 The prisoners bands, they hung as fast as shee ;
 But in the end they set my yeaneling free :
 O my *Britannus*, when they heard my voyce,
 How my poore Lambs would frisk, and even rejoyce
 To see their Shepherd ! They would come and stand
 About me, and take Ivy from my hand ;
 But ô my God, what patience shall I crave,
 To tell the rest ! what patience shall I have !
 Vpon a night (It was a night as dark
 As was the deed ; there was no glimm'ring spark

That

That would vouchsafe to shoot his feeble rayes
From heaven, (alas ! why did no Comet blaze
Against such hideous things ?) upon that night
Rusht in a rout of Wolves (no Jesuite
Was sharper bent to kill :) Into my Fold
They rusht, they slue, they spar'd nor young nor old.
O ! the next morning all my flock lay dead,
All but some few, that being wounded fled :
My self, that held ten thousand lifes not deare
To save my dearer flock, they wounded there,
Upon the rescue : Ah ! they grip'd me sore,
Yet let me live, to wound my soule the more.
But gentle Shephard, I am lately told,
Some of my scatter'd sheep have been so bold
To seek for refuge in the *British* Fold :
Long have I sought, like one that knowes not whither
To guide his wandring steps, I hapned hither :
O, canst thou tell me tidings ? Canst thou give me
At least some hopes of comfort to relieve me ?

B R I T.

Towards bright *Titans* evening Court there lyes
From hence ten miles not fully measur'd thrice,
A glorious Citie, called by the name
Of *Troynovant*, a place of noted fame
Throughout the Christian world, of great renowne
For charitable deeds, a place well knowne
For good and gracious Government ; in brieft,
A place for common Refuge, and reliefe
To banisht Shepherds, and their scatter'd Sheep,
There our great *Pans* Vice-gerent now does keep

His royall Court, whose gracious hand hath store
 Of soverain Balsames apt for every fore :
 In that brave City, there be folds provided
 For Sheep of diverse Quarters, all divided
 One from the other, ready to receive
 Affrighed flocks, and bounteous to releive
 Their severall wants : Hast *Gallio*, hast thee thither,
 And if thou misse thy ends, returne thee hither,
 And make *Britannus* happy to enjoy thee,
 Vntill thy pleased God shall re-employ thee.

GALL.

Thanks gentle Shepheard ; let that God encrease
 Thy flocks: and give thy soule eternall peace.

EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE II.

{ Brito. }
{ Luscius. }

BRI.

GRaze on my Lambs, here's nothing to disquiet
Your gentle peace, or interrupt your diet:
Why croud ye thus so neere your frighted dams?
Here's neither Wolf, nor Fox; Graze on, my Lambs:
Graze on, my Sheep; why gaze ye to and fro,
As if ye fear'd some evill? Why gaze ye so?
What serves your Shepherd for, if not to keep
Your hearts secure from feares? Graze on, my sheep:
Forbeare my Lambs, to feare ye know not what.
And feed; your feeding makes your shepherd fat:
But who comes yonder? 'Seemes farre off to be
Our creeping Shepherd *Luscius*: and 'tis he:
I thought my Lambs had something in the wind,
They left to graze and lookt so oft behind:
They love that *Luscius*, on the selfe same manner,
As dogs, by instinct of nature, love the Tanner:
See here he comes: Lord, how my lambs divide
Their eching paces to the farther side!

L u s c.

The blessed Virgin, and *S. Francis* keep
The joviall Shepheard, and his jolly sheep.

B R I.

Would not the blessed Virgins blessing doe,
Without the blessing of *S. Francis* too ?

L u s c.

Why, captious *Brito*, Store is held no Sore ;
And two Saints blessings make us blest the more.

B R I.

Is *Luscus*, then, my soule two blessings deep,
Or am I joyn'd in Patent with my sheep ?
But tell me now, my Saint-imploring brother,
One Cypher being added to another,
What makes the totall summe ?

L u s c. No summe at all.

B R I.

Such werethe blessings, thy late tongue let fall :
But 'twas thy blinded love, and, to repend thee ;
That blessed Virgins blessed Son amend thee :
But say, what ayl'st thou, *Luscus*, that thy skin
Appeares so course, and thy pale cheekes so thin ?

Me

Me thinks thine eyes are dim, those eyes of thine,
That lately were so radiant, and did shine
Like blazing starres, (which oftentimes foreshow
The fall of some great Prince, or overthrow
Of prosperous States) how dull, how dead they look !
As if the style of some new-answer'd Book
Had overwatch'd them, or thy hollow cheek
Had been at buffets with an Ember week.

L u s c.

Plump faces, *Brito*, are esteem'd the least
Of Shepherds care ; Good Shepherds may not feast,
They must bin sober, keep their bodies chaste ;
A Shepherds calling is to watch and fast :
Their lips must tast no Cates, their eyes, no sleep ;
Such diet, *Brito*, Roman Shepherds keep.

B R I.

Or should, good *Luscus*: Shepherds love their ease
Too well, to make a dye of that disease :
Their faces are not alwayes faithfull signes
Of hide-bound Ribs, and narrow wasted loynes :
Shepherds can make Good-friday on their Cheeke,
When their full hearts, at home, keep Easter weeke.

L u s c.

Curse on those Shepherds, that bin so untrue,

B R I.

That Curse, I feare, belongs to some of you:

Your

Your Roman faces can look thin, by art,
Their eye can weep teares, strangers to their heart.

LU S.

Rash are those censures, and those words misguided,
Where Hearts and Charity, are so farre divided:
But tell me, *Brito*; what have we misdone
To earne so sharp a censure? Whereupon
Ground'st thou thy harsh conceit? what has our nation
Committed, worthy of so foul taxation?

BR I.

I'll tell thee if thy patience will but lend
A quiet eare; Plain dealing speakes a friend.

LU S.

Speake freely then, *Luscus* shall find an eare;
Thou shalt not speake, what *Luscus* will not heare.

BR I.

When our great Master-shepherd, (under whom
We serve, being substituted in his roome)
Forsooke this vale, and tooke his journey on,
To take possession of his fathers Throne,
He cal'd his under Shepherds, to whose care
He lent his flocks, (those flocks he priz'd more deare
Then his owne life) to them he recommended
The highest trust that ever yet depended

On

On care of man : To them he did enlarge
His strict Commands, to execute that charge,
With greatest faith and loyalty, to keep
His Lambs from danger, and to feed his Sheep ;
Nay, *Luscus*, the more fully to declare
His gracious pleasure, and his tender care
In that behalfe, what his desire did move
His zeale did quicken on the Bands of love ;
Nay more, that word, whose accent had the power
To ruine Heaven and Earth, and, in one hower,
To build a thousand more, (whose very breath
At the first motion could blow life or death)
He thrice repeated, O my Shepheards keep
My Flocks ; O feed my Lambs ; O fold my Sheep :
Yet did our bounteous Master not regard
His good alone ; our *Pan* was not so hard,
(Although our lifes, and all that we enjoy
Lye prostrate at his pleasure) to imploy
The busie hands of us poore Shepheard swaines,
Or to require our unrewarded paines :
He gives us peace, and freedome ; He sustaines us
With full and wholsome diet ; He maintaines us
In needfull raiment ; keeps us sound in health ;
Gives us content ; the very height of wealth :
Besides, at every Shearing he allowes
A golden Girland, to adorne our browes ;
And when our faithfull hands shall give account
Of our improv'd endeavours, we shall mount
Into our Masters joy, where, being drest
In Robes, and Crownes, we shall enjoy that rest,
Prepar'd for faithfull Shepheards, and there sing
Perpetuall Past' rals to our Shepheard-King :

D

But

But they whose slumbring eyes have misattended
 Their wandering flocks, whose hands have not defended
 Their worried lambs, those Shepheards shal make good
 Their owne defaults, with their owne dearest blood.

L u s c.

Brto, this night, the Moone begins to gain
 Her waned light; I feare, she threatens rain;
 These busie Gnats, I doubt, conspire together,
 To bring us tidings of some change of weather.

B r i.

Luscus, 'twere much for faithlesse Shepheards ease,
 If no worse Gnats might suck their blood then these.

L u s c.

The Sun shines hot; the Southern wind blows warme:
 But kindly showers would do these grounds no harme.

B r i.

Lesse harme, good *Luscus*, (if my thoughts bin true)
 Then this discourse (which you so baulk) does you:
 We talk of Shepheards; our discourse relates
 Of thriving flocks; and you of Showres and Gnats:
 A pleasing subject may command your eare,
 But what you like not you are slow to heare:
 A Roman Swain can heare, and yet can choose;
 His cares, like Jugglers, can play fast and loose,

For

For his advantage, nay, (and what appears
More strange) he can be deaf to what he heares.

L u s c.

What ayles this peevish Shephe. rd ? I attended
Till I was tyred, and his Tale was ended ;
What would' st thou more with my obtunded eare ?

B R I.

That, Shepheard, which thou seem' st so loth to heare ;
That, which observed with attentive heed,
Will make thy heart-strings crack, and thy heart bleed.

L u s c.

Speake, Shepheard, then, whilst I renew my eare :
A Roman spirit scornes a childish Feare.

B R I.

I, *Luscus*, 'tis the want of Childish feare
That makes thee lend a fear-disdaining eare :
Thou art a Shepheard; (else, the fouler shame
T' usurp the honour of so high a name)
A Roman Shepheard too, that does profess
To feed the flock; and yet does nothing lesse ;
You take the croppe; your flocks, alas, but gleane,
And what makes you so fat, makes them so leane;
God knows you feed your selves: by what Commission
Plough you those Pastures, for your owne provision,

D 2

Which

Which our good Shepherd sever'd out, to keep
 And to maintaine his poore deceived sheep ?
 Who gave you licence thus, bold Swaines, to pinch
 Your Masters gracious bounty, and to inch
 His bounteous favours, that can but allow
 The Headlands, but the margents of your Plough,
 To feed so faire a flock ? Nay, more then so,
 They are forbid those slender Headlands too,
 Vntill the slow-pac'd fythe, has shorne them downe
 So late, that winter fouds have overflowne
 Their saplesse swaths, and fill'd them so with sand
 And earthy trash, brought downe from th'upper land
 By th'unresisted current of the flood,
 That tis but flatter'd with the name of food :
 Nay, more then that, poore flocks, they are forbid
 To feed at large, as heretofore they did,
 They must be tether'd now, must be bereaven
 Of the sweet moysture, of the dew of heaven :
 Nor must their slender food be simply such
 As heaven had made it ; no, 't must have a touch
 Of new Invention, which our wise God *Pan*
 Ne're thought on ; since, devis'd by wiser man :
 It must be mingled with fast growing Flagges,
 Mire-rooted rushes, sweet'ned with the Braggies
 Of pious Thrift ; nor must the hungry flocks
 Take what they please ; it must be serv'd in Locks,
 And Ostry Bottles ; neither when they would
 They must be fed, nor yet with what they should :
 To day, they must be dieted, and fast
 From common food ; no lesse then death, to tast :
 To morrow, pamper'd with excesse, (and nurst
 With a full hand) may ravin till they burst :

Brave

Brave Shepherds, *Luscus*; fit to serve such flocks!
Where you command, Lambs need not feare the Fox.

L u s.

No wonder, *Brito*, that your Censures be
So sharpe to us, that so much disagree
Among your selves: you Britain Shepherds are
So strangely factious, that you would even jarre
With your owne shadowes, had no substance been
Subjected to the venome of your spleen:
Look, first at home, and seek to reconcile
Your selves, that mixe like Vineger with Oyle;
Then snarle: Till heaven shall send you such a season,
It is your Faction speakes, and not your Reason.

B R I.

We have our factions, Swaine, you speake but true;
They must have Itch that touch such Blanes as you:
You broach new fangles; you devise new waies,
And give more licence to licencious daies:
You limit, you distinguish as you please;
You take no paines but in contriving ease,
And plotting how to pamper Flesh and Blood,
Masking true Evills with apparent Good:
Thus you corrupt our Shepherds, and even those
That of themselves are apt enough (God knowes)
To love their eases; Shepherd, when we jarre
Among our selves, we doe but onely warre
Against your Doctrines, which too much encrease
Among us: No, such warres conclude a Peace.

D 3

L u s.

L u c.

Our doctrines, *Brito*? Recollect thy thought,
 Whole doctrin was it, that Swaine *Luther* taught?
 Who taught your wisdoms to forsake your flocks,
 And let them ramble on the barren Rocks, (hearts,
 And wander God knowes where? who taught your
 (More hard then Marble) those well practis'd arts
 Of cruell Piety, to prize Conceit,
 And wilde Opinion at a higher rate
 Then all their lives. and rather beare the losse
 Of your whole flocks, then brand them with a *Crosse*,
 Our Masters *Sheepmarke*? These conceits are yours,
 Good Britain Swaine; These doctrines were not ours.

B r i.

Fanne not my smoth'ring Fiers, lest their flame
 Torment your neighb'ring shins: should I but name
 The Title of that base dunghill trash, brought in
 By your *Dominicans*, scaveng'd out agin
 By worse *Franciscans*; the perpetuall Jarres
 Twixt your hot *Jesuits* and your *Seculars*;
 How *Thomas* snarles at *Scotus*; and how hee
 Snarles back at *Thomas*; how your new *Decree*
 Confronts the old; and how your last does smother
 The first; and how one Councell thwarts another;
 'Twould stop your mouth, and make you scorn the
 Or wisely pray for more encrease of fooles: (schooles,
 But to conclude, the Shepherds charge is given
 To us; and if an Angel come from heaven,

And

And teach new wayes, whose rules should disaccord
From what our *Master-shepherd* left by word
To our performance, I would teach mine eare
A scornfull deafnesse ; or (if forc'd to heare)
My tongue should find the courage to desye
His words, and boldly give his face the lye :
But see ! the treble shades begin to damp
The moystn'd earth ; and the declining Lamp
Invites our lips to silence ; day growes old :
'Tis time to draw our willing flocks to fold :
Hark, hark, my Wether rings his evening bell ;
I must away.

L u s c. Shepherd Good night.

B R I. Farewell.

EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE III.

{ *Pan.* }
{ *Gentilla.* }

G E N T.

WHat ails my dearest *Shepherd*? what new change
 Has taught his heart-rejoycing eys such strange
 And dire aspects? what humor hath posselt
 The Sanctuary of his troubled Brest? (thou
 What mean these sullen frownes? 'gainst whom dost
 Thus sternely bend thy discontented Brow?
 At whom does this Artil'ry of thine eye
 Levell such flames? Here's none but thee and I,
 Why dost thou turne aside? Why dost thou shun
Gentilla? What has poore *Gentilla* done?
 Have I prov'd false? Say, did I ever bow
 To a new choyce, or started from my Vow?
 Have not my thoughts observ'd a holy Fast
 From new desires? Have not these eyes bin chaste
 As th'eyes of Turtles? Did *Gentilla*'s knee
 Ere bend to any, but her God, and Thee?
 If I be loyall; say, why doest thou shun me?
 Why doe thy causelesse browes thus frown upon me?
And

And if my faith be conscious of a blot, (not ?
Why stand'st thou mute so long? why chid'st thou
No, no, my dearest Shepheard, if there be
Cause of suspect, that cause is given to me :
How long (too too unkind !) hast thou deny'd
Thy presence ? Ah, how often have I cry'd
In corners ? Nay, how often have these eyes
Bin drown'd with briny streames, that did arise
From the full fountaine of a flowing heart ?
How often have I charm'd by the black Art
Of all my sorrowes ? Yet my Shepherds eares
Were deafe ; his eyes were blind to all my teares :
And now thy wisht-for presence (the full Crowne
Of all my joyes) is clouded with a Frowne.

P A N.

Thou know'st, *Gentilla*, when thy breasts were green,
Vnripe for Love, there past a Vow between
Thy elder Sister *Iudabell*, and me,
Whose onely portion was Virginitie ;
She had no beauty to enflame mine eyes,
Nor wealth, nor birth, nor ought to make me prize
Her naked love : her visage was uncomely,
Her fortunes poore ; her breeding, blunt and homely ;
I lov'd her for her selfe, and the direction
To that deare love, was my own deare affection :
In sacred bands of contract, we both ty'd
Our folded hands, and she became my Bride :
I made her supream Queen of all my Vows,
And set a Crowne of gold upon her Browes ;
I made her sole Commandresse of my keyes,

E

To

To shut and open, where, and when she please:
 I made her Mistresse of my Flocks, and gave
 What I could give, or what her soule could crave;
 She had what favours Bounty could confer;
 My life was but a Trifle, weigh'd with her:
 But she forsook me; Her false heart did prove
 Disloyall; took a surfeit of my love;
 She sleighted all my favours; falsely broke
 Her plighted Faith, and scorn'd my easie yoke;
 My dearest love she answer'd with disdain,
 Cast am'rous eyes on every Vnder-swaine;
 I lov'd, she scorn'd, and what I gave, she slighted;
 Was never love so true, so ill requited.

G E N T.

But stay, deare Shepherd, shall my sisters crimes,
 Or shall th' unjust Rebellions of her times
 Be plagu'd in me? Or shall thy lips demand
 The debts of *Indabell* at *Gentilla's* hand?
 Stands it with justice, that those Vows which she
 Hath falsely broke, should be reveng'd on me?

P A N.

Thou know'st *Gentilla*, when thy Sisters brest
 Grew too obdurate for my deare request,
 When faire entreaties, and more hard Commands
 Found disrespect at her respectlesse hands,
 I left my vaine attempt, cal'd home my heart,
 And plac'd it (as I thought) on more desert;
 Those deare affections, and the love that she
 Vnworthily

Vnworthily despis'd, I fixt on thee :
The selfe same priviledge, the selfe same power,
Those very favours, and the selfe same dower,
That was assured hers, while she was mine,
Were by a second Contract, all made thine :
What she hath left, thy Fortunes have engroft ;
Gentilla found what *Iudabell* has lost :
But ô *Gentilla*, thou hast faild to prove
A worthy object of so faire a Love ;
Thou hast thy Sisters frailty ; Thou hast all
Her Fortunes with her Faults, though not her Fall.

GENT.

Tell me, deare Shepheard, that I may amend them,
I will acknowledge them, or not defend them.

PAN.

Did not I trust, *Gentilla*, to thy hand
My Flocks, my substance, under whose command
I left them charg'd ? Say did I not submit
My Shepherds to thy service, and commit
My Sheep to their protection, to be
Foder'd by them, and overseen by thee ?
Were not those Pastures faire enough, to keep
My wained Lambs, and to maintaine my Sheep ?
Were they not sweet enough, and well sufficing
Without that mixture, of your Swaines devising ?
Vnwholesome stuffe ! whose very tast did rot,
Or breed diseases where it poyson'd not ;
That inso much, where ere I turn'd my head,
I saw some Flocks a dying ; and some, dead.

E 2

GENT.

GENT.

True, gentle Shepherd, thus in former times
 We did; if Ignorance may salve our crimes,
 We have enough to plead: I bent my knee
 To a false Master then, and not to Thee.

PAN.

I thought, that *Pan* had had supream Command;
 I thought, my Rules might had the grace to stand
 In full authority, and power; I thought,
 Those Georgicks which I writ, as well as taught
 By word of mouth, had been a full direction
 Both for my Flocks good diet, and protection:
 But you, and your disloyall Swaines (it's said)
 Have joyn'd in serious Councell, and have made
 Another Head, whose selfe-conceited waies
 I never knew; and Him your wisdomes raise
 Into a height above the height of Man,
 And plac'd Him in a Throne, which never *Pan*,
 When he kept earth, and govern'd here below,
 Had ere the Honour to be call'd into:
 Him yee advance with reverence and renown,
 His browes adorning with a triple Crown,
 When as a wreath of Willow, or of Thorne
 (For want of high priz'd metall) rudely torne
 From the next hedge, must serve my turne, and be
 A Crowne, thought fit, and good enough for me;
 Him ye observe, and, like a thing Divine,
 Him ye adore: His words must passe, not Mine,

His

His words are Oracles, and his Commands
 Are Laws, or Death ; the power of his hands
 (Which he pretends to be deriv'd from me)
 Can reach from Peasants, to the high degree
 Of Princes, whom, by vertue of his Keyes,
 He can dis-crown, and murder when he please :
 My sacred Book, wherein these fingers writ
 The Shepherds Lawes, his nature-pleasing wit
 Has interlin'd with his owne bold devises,
 And made it now a starting-hole for Vices :
 His holy finger can put out, put in ;
 Change, and on second thoughts, rechange agin :
 He can correct, distinguish, reconcile ;
 And where a Gap stands faire, can make a Style :
 His lips can blesse, where I have curs'd ; and curse,
 Whom I have blest, according as the Purse
 Feeles light or heavy ; if the Tides but flow,
 What is't, he can ? what is't, he cannot doe ?
 This is that Head which your false hearts allow ;
 This is that golden Calf, to whom yee bow
 Your sacrilegious knees ; Him, him yee crown
 With honour, whil' st ye pull my Honour down :
 Him ye corrupt ; His open fist ye greaze,
 And make your Oracle speake what you please :
 Thus are my poore abused Flocks beguill'd
 By your disguis'd Impostures ; thus despoil'd
 Of their deare lives, whil' st you grow plump and full,
 Fed with their Flesh, and cloathed in their Wooll.

G E N T.

Ah dearest Shepherd, in those bloody daies,
 I was but young, and childish ; and my waies

Were ill devis'd ; alas, my tender yeares
 Were too too credulous ; My abused eares
 Were open long before my judgement had
 Strength to know truth from falshood, good from bad ;
 I knew no diff'rence twixt my Friend and Foe,
 Thought all was Gold, that made a golden show :
 I thought, those Swaines to whose experienc'd care
 Thou left thy Flocks, had knowledge to prepare
 Convenient food ; and judgement how to keep
 With most advantage, thy reposed Sheep.

P A N.

I, so they had, *Gentilla*, they could read
 A Book, could teach them how, and when to feed ;
 The Book was faire, and pen'd without a blot :
 They knew there Masters Will, but did it not.

G E N T.

I trusted them ; but they abus'd mine eare,
 Told me faire tales, which youth was apt to heare :
 That little Book thou gav'st me, (when *Pan* woo'd
 His poore *Gentilla*, first) writ with thy blood,
 They pilfer'd from me ; told me 'twas unfit
 To be the object of a womans wit :
 Sometimes, by snatches, they perus'd the Book ;
 As once they read, my lingring eye-balls took ;
 A view, by stealth ; and my deluded eare
 Was fill'd ; with what ? With nothing written there :
 O, thus they wrong'd my too-beleeving eares ;
 And taking vantage of my easie yeares,

They

They kept me dark, for feare mine eyes behold
Their gilded Trash, that's current now for Gold:
Nay more, they knowing that the weaker sex
By nature's apt to loose their servill necks
From mans imperious yoke, and so to fly
Aloft into the pitch of soveraignty,
They did not blush, to weigh, at least to joyne
Thy sacred Oracles, with poore words of mine;
Whose later boldnesse ventur'd to debase
Thy words authority, and give mine the place:
All this my bolder Swaines presum'd to do;
All this my prouder weaknes yeilded to.
True, gentle Shepherd, 'tis confest, that we
Made a new Power, but no Head but Thee;
Our first intention was not simply evill,
But accidentall, all things were unlevell,
And rude disorder crept into our State:
Swaine would contest with Swaine, and fierce debate
Encreas'd among us: Every hand would feed
His own devised way, which was the seed,
The pregnant seed of Ruin, and Confusion
To our green Government; till, in conclusion,
We pickt the ablest Swaines from out the rest,
And made them Chiefe, by whose discreeter brest,
Next under Thee our Head, we did annorme
Our Government, and made it uniforme:
Thus, for a while, our State was well redrest;
They were good Shepherds, and our State had rest:
They were good Shepherds, and they scorn'd to keep
Their lives upon the rescue of their sheep:
But daies grew worse and worse, and after times
As they encreas'd in age, encreas'd in Crimes:

These

These Pow'rs grew proud, Hereticall, did hold
 New-broach'd Opinions; Law was bought and sold,
 And Gospell too; new orders were erected: (neglected;
 The Shepherds sought themselves; their Flocks
 Thus each succeeding Power at last, did add,
 A worse unto his Predecessors bad:
 Thus were my tender yeares, and trust abus'd;
 T'avoid confusion, thus we grew confus'd:
 O, they that follow a misguided Head,
 The farther goe, the more they are misled:
 But now my sad experience (dearely bought)
 Hath cal'd me off, and made me see my fault;
 My soule abhors the deeds of former times,
 They, they are past, but present are my Crimes:
 Let not my dearest Shepherd search my waies
 With too severe an eye: As the old daies
 Are swallow'd with the new, and past away,
 So let my faults be past as well as they:
 Close, chose thine eyes, or if thou needs must see,
 Look, look upon thy Goodnesse, and not me;
 Or if thine eyes will look on such a shame,
 Behold not what I was, but what I am.

P A N.

My deare *Gentilla*, dearer then my soule,
 Thy wounds are cur'd, thy Faith has made thee whole:
 Thy teares have scour'd thy trespassse; witnesse Heaven,
 Thou hast not done what *Pan* has not forgiven:
 Come, come into mine armes, my greedy brest
 Longs, longs to entertaine so faire a Guest:
 The poorest teare that wets thy lovely cheek

Has

Has washt a world of faults ; thou shalt not seek
What thy prevailing language cannot find.

G E N T.

O let me weep, untill I weep me blind !
How can my frozen Gutters choose but run,
And feel the beames of such a melting Sun!

P A N.

Enough, my sweet *Gentilla*, O forbear
To gaul my wounded heart! each pearly teare
That trickles from thine eye, does make rebound
Vpon my heart, and gives my heart the wound:
What meanes my dearest Love to overflow
My curious Garden, on whose banks doe grow
Those flowres, whose sweetnesse does as far exceed
Arabian sents, as they the foulest weed.

G E N T.

No, no, my dearest deare; these slubber'd cheeks
Call for more water; 'tis the work of weeks;
To purge the Morpew from so foule a face;
'Tis not the labour of an howers space
Can doe the deed.

P A N.

No leprosie can find
So cleare a cure, but that some scurf behind
Will yet remaine, *Gentilla* may be sure,
The worse being past, time will perfect the cure.

F

G E N T.

GENT.

My dearest *Pan*, such desperate sores as these
 Requier fresh supplies: O! my disease
 Enjoynes me to goe wash nine times, at least,
 In *Jordans* streames till it be quite redrest.

PAN.

Be not deluded with traditionis dreames;
 'Tis *Pan* that cures thee, and not *Jordan*-streames:
 Let not thy Morpew plunge thy soule too farre
 In needlesse griefe; deep wounds will leave a scarre:
 Vexe not thy selfe, and let no chill despaire
 Perplex thy troubled heart; Thou art as faire,
 As earth will suffer: My contented eies
 Take pleasure in thy beauty, which I prize
 Above the world: and when the time shall come,
 Wherein thy Shepheard shall conduct thee home
 Into my Fathers Palace, where I dwell,
 I'll give thee water, (water shall excell
 The streames of *Jordan*) whose diviner power
 Shall cleanse thy staines, and in a moment scower
 Thy Morpew so, that heavens Meridian eye
 Shall vaile, to see thy greater Glory by:
 Till then, my dearest, let these chaste embraces
 Twine us a while, then to our severall places
 Depart we both.

GENT.

Then let *Gentilla* dye,
 If ought can part my dearest *Pan* and I:

These

These twined armes shall hold thee ; if thou go,
My *Pan* shall draw his own *Gentilla* too.

P A N.

Forbeare *Gentilla*, for I must be gone,
I have a Father to attend upon,
And thou a Flock ; the time will come, wherein
We shall re-meet, and never part agin.

G E N T.

I'll drive my Flocks, whil'st we walk hand in hand ;
And I will feed them on thy Fathers land.

P A N.

Not so *Gentilla*, when thy Flocks are thriven
In fat and fleece, then, then they shall be driven
Vnto my Fathers Court ; where, on thy knee,
Thou shalt present them as a gift from thee ;
And at that day thy Shepheard shall come hither,
And hand in hand condu& *Gentilla* thither.

G E N T.

If needs we must, Farewell : But see thou keep
Thy promis'd word.

P A N.

Farewell ; and feed my Sheep.

F 2

EGLOG.

EGLOGVE IIII.

{ Nullifidius. }
 { Pseudo-catholicus. }

NUL L.

HO, Shepheard ho! What aile thine eyes to take
 Such early slumbers? Shepheard, ho, awake:
 Ho, Shepheard, ho! Lord how secure he lies!
 What, not a word? For shame, for shame, arise:
 Ho, Shepheard, ho! I think, his drouzy head
 Is nail'd to th'ground, I think our Shepheard's dead:
 Ho, Shepheard, ho!

P S E U D.

I prithee leave thy hoing.

NUL L.

Then leave thy blowing, and disclose thine eyes:
 Ho, Shepheard, ho! 'Tis time, 'tis time to rise:
 Til thou leave snorting Swaine, I'le ne'er leave calling;
 Ho, Shepheard, ho!

P S E U D.

I prithee leave thy bauling.

NUL L.

N U L L.

Then Shepherd wake, there is a Wolf broke in
Among thy sheep; what fallen asleep agin?
Ho, Shepherd, ho!

P S E U D.

I prithee, let me sleep,
P'fh, what care I for either Wolf or Sheep?

N U L L.

Look, Shepherd, look, here flowes a curious Cup
Of dainty sparkling Nectar, full charg'd up
To th'brim; see how her sprightly dancing bubbles
Defie degenerous feares, and the dull troubles
Of poore afflicted hearts; look how they swell
In proud disdain, as if they threaten'd Hell
With bold defiance, or would undertake
A prosperous duell with th'infernall Lake:
See how she mantles; see with what a grace
She lookes upon thee; smiles upon thy face:
Ho, Shepherd, ho!

P S E U D.

I, there's a voice, would raise
A dying soule, and give the dead new daies;
I, there's a Rapture! what blest Angels tongue
Has broke my slumbers with so sweet a song?
What *Nullifidius*! O, the sweetest straine,
That e're was sung! But, where's the Nectar, Swaine?
Sure jolly Shepherd, *Pan* will turn my friend;
I never dreame, but still my dreames portend

F 3

Some

Some good or other; As I lay asleep
 Beneath this shrub, me thought my thirsty Sheep
 Demanded water; in my troubled dreames,
 Me thought I sent them to the flowing streames,
 To drink their fill; with that, they made reply,
 There is no water, for the streames are dry:
 So having said, me thought that one among
 The flock unstopt my Bottle, whence there sprung
 Cleare crysell streames, that water did abound;
 Me thought those streames no sooner felt the ground
 But turn'd to blood; whereat being fore affraid,
 Me thought, I Crost my selfe, and after said
 Three *Ave Marias*, and three *Creds*; and then,
 The blood turn'd water, and grew cleare agen:
 And there I wak'd, as I was e'en about
 To dreame the rest: And now my dreame is out.

N U L L.

Faith, so's my Nectar, Swaine; my Nectar's ended;
 Look, here's the Shrine, but the sweet Saint's ascended:
 See'st thou this empty bottle? Hence did flow
 Those rare, those precious streames of late; but now
 Dri'd up; I sipt, and call'd, and sipt agin;
 I told thee that a Wolf was broken in,
 Among thy flocks, and yet no art could rate
 Thee from thy slumbers, till it grew too late;
 At last I rouz'd thee with a potent Charme;
 Advanc'd my voice as stoutly as my arme,
 I rais'd both arme and voice to th'height, and so
 Thy slumber's ended, and my Nectar too.

P S E U D.

The Cramp, the Murre, for ever blesse such armes
And tongues, that can attempt no earlier charmes.

N U L L.

Sure *Pan's* no friend of thine, that gives no theames
But *Blood* and *Water* to thy empty dreames :
Had'st thou but dream'd of Wine ---. But Shepheard
I have a project to re-entertaine (Swaine,
Thy next attempt ; lye down and dreame againe ;
Meane while, these hands shall be imploi'd to fill
My bottle at the foot of yonder hill ;
I'll brim my bottle with those crySTALL streames ;
(Second thoughts thrive, & why not second dreames ?)
Perchance (deare Swain) those second dreams of thine,
May *Transubstantiate* Water into Wine.

P S E U D.

I prithee doe, and swill it for thy paines :
'Twill wring thy bowels, ere it wrong thy braines.

N U L L.

You Roman Shepherds have prodigious dreames :
Can change your *Bread* to *Flesh*, your *Wine* to streames
Of purest *Blood* : You can convert a dish
Of Steakes to Roots ; Surloines to Joules of Fish ;
Your full cram'd Capons, on your Friday table (As

(As Shepherds saine, and Shepherds will not fable)
 Forget their fleshly natures; their smooth skins
 Turn to rough scales, their wings and legs to fins :
 Plump Partridge turns to Pike; your smaller dishes
 Of Quailes and costly Knots, to lesser fishes :
 But tell me, Swaine, what meane your learned Schools
 To tell such tales ?

P S E U D.

To make you Shepherds fools.

N U L L.

That's not the mark ye leuell at, you glance
 Your shafts but there, ye hit but there by chance ;
 Come tell me, Swaine, this shady place is free
 From ill-digesting eares ; here's none but we :
 I have an Ewe, now grazing on my plain,
 Whose bounteous Bags, thrice every day I strain,
 Well struck in flesh, and of a noble race :
 She has more white about her then her face :
 Black is her fleece, but silk is not so soft,
 Shee's th'onely glory of my fruitfull croft :
 Repose this secret in my brest, and thou
 Shalt be the owner of this dainty Ewe.

P S E U D.

I know the Ewe; how fortune made her thine,
 I know not; but, I'm sure, that Ewe was mine :
 But come, my Swaine, I know thy peacefull brest
 Is slow to strife; thou car'st not to contest
 Of Shepherds Lawes ; I know thou art none of those
 That

That will maintain an argument with blowes :
I know, th'indifferent Faith does not rely
On stiffe opinion ; That mans No, or I
Are both alike to thee ; thou car'st not whether
It raine or shine, thy tongue keeps temperate wether :
And to say troth, but that that pretty thing,
Call'd Profit, lends a little fleeter wing
To our desires, no'doubt but we should joine
In that good, honest, harmlesse way of thine :
Itell thee, Swaine, these darker clouds of ours
Are full of stormes, but send down golden showers :
Thou know'st, the vulgar sort are apt to admire
Things strange ; what's most unlikely, they desire
Most to beleave, and onely that applaud :
Now what we whisper they divulge abroad :
(For they are Fooles and Women most) whereby,
If ought be found i' th' Suburbs of a lye,
'Tis shuffled off from us, from whence it came,
And lai'd upon the common breath of Fame :
But seldom 't comes to that ; such fooles as they
(Bound to beleave, not question what we say)
Ne'er sift our Tales too near, but make them good
(In spite of Reason) with their dearest blood :
All such, for feare lest wisdome should, by chance,
Get th'upperhand, we traine in Ignorance :
There's none must read a book, but onely he
That's able to corrupt as well as we :
But Shepherd, know, that these we keep so short,
Are but the women and the simpler sort ;
These are our new-milch-cowes, that doe maintain
Our house, these bring but slow, yet constant gain :
Now, there's a wiser sort ; but they attend

In higher regions ; some their worths commend
 (And some their fortunes) to superiour powers ;
 Some stand on their own legs, and some on ours :
 These are our greater Pillars; men of action,
 And stout maintainers of our prosperous faction :
 These are our Plush Attornies; these befriend
 Our desperate suites ; these day and night attend
 Our thriving Causes, whil' st we sleep secure ;
 Nay, when our selfe made wounds, implore a cure,
 These are our Surgeons too ; these stand our baile,
 If need require, and drag us from the Jayle.

N U L L.

But dearest Swaine, me thinks such high degrees
 Of brave Attornies should expect high fees :
 Gamesters say, Nothing draw, if nothing stake,
 And men of Plush are friends but where they take :
 Sure, such Attornies labour not for pleasure ;
 Tell me what pen' worths does their friendship
 (measure)

P S E U D.

Some, as I told thee, are of higher blood ;
 Some creatures of our owne, whom we thought good
 To recommend ; To those we crouch the knee,
 And make a Catholique face ; these ask no fee.

N U L L.

But tell me, Swaine, how come you to engage
 Such great ones to your faction ?

P S E U D.

P S E U D.

In this age,

The price of Pleasure's rais'd to a high pitch;
 'Tis a faire traffique, now a daies, and rich
 To those that sell; no gold is held too deare
 To purchase but a Licence for a yeare,
 To sin securely, or to swim in pleasure
 But twice six monthes; the very height of treasure
 Will stoop to this; our everlasting trade
 Will ne'er be dead, till Sin and Pleasure fade.

N U L L.

But tell me Swaine, does any such foole dwell
 Within our pale, that thinks you Swaines can sell
 Such priviledg? Can any mortall heart
 Be so befool'd?

P S E U D.

Why, Shepherd, there's the art,

The depth of all our trade; whereon depends
 The whole designe; whereby we work our ends:
 When silly birds have toucht the twigs, who is't
 That cannot hand and take them as they list?
 Wherein t'acquaint thee fully, thou shalt know
 Not onely what is done, but how we do; (lai'd
 I'll lay some grounds, and when those grounds be
 Practice will make thee master in our trade:
 Two sort of Birds doe use to make resort.
 Into our cage; A wise, a simpler sort;
 To those we teach Obedience; to these
 Dark Ignorance, and Charity, when we please:
 The simpler sort, are hatch'd, and bred our owne,

We clime their nests, and take them in their doune :
 We feed them, and we bring them up by hand,
 And make them infant Slaves to our Command ;
 We discipline them, teach them how to prate,
 Like Parakitocs, words they know not what ;
 We keep them close, we never let them know,
 The aieri freedome they were borne unto ;
 We teach them to forget their wilder note
 They have b'instinct, and tune our songs by rote :
 We onely keep them dark, and then, with ease
 We make them sing what notes ~~soe're~~ we please :
 They feed on Rape-feed, or the crums that fall
 From off our trenchers at a Festivall :
 But there's a wiser sort ; and such are they
 That spread their stronger wings, and use to prey
 For their own selves ; that can behold the Sun,
 Like *Joves* own bird, and when the day is done,
 Can roost themselves ; these kind of birds are way
 Where they frequent, their hagar eyes are chary
 Near whom th'approach : for these the Shepherd plants
 His close-laid Gins ; their common food are Wants,
 And sucking Lev'rets ; oftentime they stoop
 At their own shades, fly thousands in a troop :
 We bait our Gins with fleshly Recreations,
 Larded with Pardons, drest with Dispensations :
 Oft times we take ; but taken, there's the skill,
 How to reclaim their wildnesse to our will :
 At first, they'l strive and struggle out of breath ;
 If we use force, they'l beat themselves to death :
 They will not brook the dark, whose Eagle eyes
 Have view'd the Sun ; Here, Swain, we must be wise ;
 They must have freedome, Shepheard, yet not so

But

But that their freedome may appeare to grow
From our permission : then they must be fed
With dainties, whereunto they ne'er were bred ;
And 'tis the nature of these birds to feed
So long, till their dull wings can find no speed,
Nor they, their wings ; Howe'r, put case, they try
Their wings are clipt, unknown ; they cannot fly ;
Thus kept with feeding, and with gentle handing,
And made familiar with our wanton dandling,
They'l make themselves our Slaves, & in strong bands
Will yeild themselves close prisoners to our hands ;
They'l fall before thee, and like water spilt,
Maist draw them with a finger where thou wilt :
Now we begin to work, our smother brow
Growes more severe ; our wanton favours, now,
Wax more reserv'd ; they that before we dandled
Like looser Minions, they must now be handled
Like servill stuffe ; they now must know their distance ;
Where we command, there must be no resistance :
They must not question now ; and what we say,
They must beleieve ; what we enjoyne, obey :
These are the Hawks we fly with ; and our Game
Is Gold and Glory, and an honour'd name :
These are the generous Spaniels that retrive
Imperiall Crownes, and swallow Kings alive :
The simpler sort maintain us plump and fat,
But these advance the Glory of our State :
The Eyas Faulcon's not so fierce in Game,
As th'high pitch'd Hagard, whom our hands reclaime :
These are brave dayes ; and these brave dayes we live :
This is the trade that Roman Shepheards drive.

N U L L.

But tell me, Swaine, what busie eyes attend
Thy flocks the while? What courtes do they bend?

P S E U D.

Graze where they please; if they will feed, they may;
Our Musick twangs upon a higher key:
They doe but meere serve to draw mens eyes
From spying where our greater profit lyes;
They are like Switches in a beggers hand,
To counterfeit a Calling; No, we stand
On higher termes; The habit of a Swaine
Seemes holy; gives advantage to obtaine
Those glorious ends, that we pursue so fast;
They must be chary, Swaine, that be not chaste;
This russet thred-bare weed, that now I weare,
Can startle Monarchs, bow a Princes care:
These very Hems be kist, and skirts ador'd:
And every Button shall command a Lord.

N U L L.

Farewell my Flocks; Goe seek another Swain:
Farewell my Office, and my glorious gain
Of twenty Marks *per annum*; I'll goe wash
More thriving cattel; leaveto haberdash
In such small pedling wares; come jolly Swain,
I'll trade with thee, and try another strain:
We'll fish for Kingdomes, and Imperiall powers;
Come

Come gentle Swaine, the Gold of Ophir's ours.

P S E U D.

No more, good Shepheard; It growes dark and late:
At th' Popes-head-taverne, there's a posterne gate
Will give us way; where flowing cups of wine
Shall re-confirme thy Brotherhood, and mine.

EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE V.

{ *Vigilius.* }
 { *Evangelus.* }

V I G.

WHat strange affrights are these, that thus arrest
 My lab'ring soule, and spoile me of my rest ?
 Before my meeting eyelids can conclude
 A long desired league, the war's renew'd :
 I cannot rest ; sometimes me thinks I heare
 Loud whoopes of Triumphs, sounding in mine eare ;
 Sometimes the musick of celestiall numbers
 Sweetens my thoughts, and casts my soule in slumbers ;
 And then the discords of infernall cries
 And horrid shriekes awake my closing eyes :
 Me thinks my trembling Cot does not allow
 Such restfull ease, as it was wont to doe :
 Pray God my Flocks be safe : My dreames foretell
 Some strange designs ; pray God, that all be well :
 I'll up (for sure the wasted night growes old)
 And, if that need require, secure my Fold :
 Lord how the heavens be spangled ! How each spark
 Contends for greater brightnes, to undark

The

The shades of night; and in a silent story,
Declare the greatness of their Makers glory!
But hark! am I deceiv'd? or does mine eare
Perceive a noise of footsteps, drawing neare?
What midnight-wanderer is grown so bold
At such a seas'n, to ramble near my Fold?
Sure, tis some Pilgrime, burthen'd with the grief
Of a lost way, or else some nightly Thief:
Or else, perchance, some Shepherd that doth fly
From his affrighted Rest, as well as I:
No, tis some Friend; Or else my dog had nere
Bin silent half so long; Hoe! who goes there?

EVANG.

Vigilius? Is the Swain I sought so nigh?
Fear not *Vigilius*; it is none but I.

VIC.

Evangelus? What businesse has divided
Thy steps this way? Or bin thy steps misguided?

EVANG.

O, my *Vigilius*, I am cometo bring
A true relation of the strangest thing;
The sweetest Tidings, and the rarest wonder
This night brought forth, as ever broke in sunder
The lips of panting Fame: I had no power
To keep it undisclos'd another hower.

H

VIC.

V I G.

What is't ? Speak, speak ; *Vigilius* eares are mad
To know the newes : Say, is it good, or bad ?

E V A N G.

O my *Vigilius*, 'tis as good as true ;
True, true as heaven it self; and good to you:
'Tis good to wise and simple, rich and poore ;
'Tis good to me, 'tis good to thousands more ;
The greatest good that ever fell to man
Since earth had beeing, since the world began.

V I G.

Speake, welcome Shepheard; let thy tongue proceed
To make thy tydings sweeter by thy speed :
Breake ope thy lips, and let thy tongue diffuse
Her welcome errand : Shepheard, what's the news ?

E V A N G.

Thou know'st, *Vigilius*, *David's Bethlem*, now,
Swarmes with much people, and does overflow
With tides of strangers, that attend the pleasure
And soveraigne will of sole-commanding *Cesar* :
In this concourse, there's one, among the rest,
A *Galilean* Maid, a Virgin guest,
Whose radiant beauty (if we may relye
On Fames report) strikes every gazing eye

Starke

stark blind, and keeps th'amaz'd beholder under
The stupid tyranny of Love and wonder :
And (what does more embellish so divine,
So rare a creature) she drawes out the line
Of princely *David* longer by her birth,
And keeps his blood alive upon the earth ;
Nay, what compleats both linage and complexion,
And heapes perfection more upon perfection,
Mounting her Glory to the upper staire,
She is as perfect chaste, as perfect faire ;
So pure a soule inflames her Virgin brest,
That most conceive, she is an Angel drest
In flesh and blood ; at least some Saint reviv'd ;
Some say, (if their report may passe believ'd)
She hath no sins at all ; at most, so few,
That very Scriptures are but barely true ;
Her name is *Mary* ; and if every one
May owne their right, right heire to *Dauids* Throne :
She's now at *Bethlem* (where being newly come)
This very night, her pregnant Virgin-womb,
Without the throwes of childbed or the grone
Of the sick chaire, has borne, brought forth a Son.

V I G.

A Virgin beare a Son ? What busie tongue
Has done thine eares, and easie faith that wrong ?
Borne without pain ? And of a Virgins womb ?
Thou art befool'd : where heard'st thou this ? of whom ?

EVANG.

Shepherd, It is the common voic'd report
 Of every tongue, and sent to *Casars* Court;
 I come from *Bethlem*, where the dead of night
 Is wak'd in every Corner, with th'affright
 Of sudden voices, and the hasty feet
 Of wond'ring people, trampling in the street;
 Wind-blazing Tapours hurry to and fro,
 And every Window's turn'd a Lanthorn to;
 The streets are fill'd; Some ramble up and down
 To know the news; and some to make it known:
 Here one man trudges; There another tramples;
 Some whoop for joy; and some, by their Examples:
 Some softly whisper: Others stand and muse,
 Some bawl aloud; no need to aske the news:
 One while, the multitude is fallen at strife;
 Some say, she is a Virgin; some, a wife;
 Some neither; Others, that best know, aver
 She is espoused to a Carpenter,
 Who finding her too great before her Day,
 Brought her to *Bethlem*, secretly to lay
 The Charge upon the Town, and steal away.

EVANG.

All this may be, and yet no Virgin, Swain;
 Can Virgins bear? Or births be freed from pain?

EVANG.

Know, faithlesse Shepherd, then, that there appear'd
An Angel to me, from whose lips I heard
The news I tell thee; Swain, he did unfold
Not onely this, but what remains untold:
Nor was't to me alone, the news was brought,
For then my slow beleef might well have thought
Mine ears had bin abus'd; The thing was told
To many Shepherds more, that dare be bold
To call it Truth; to Shepherds, that were by,
That heard, and saw, and shook as well as I.
His face was like the visage of a Childe,
Round, smooth, and plump, and oftentimes it smil'd;
It glow'd like fier, and his rowling eyes
Cast flames, like Lightning darterd from the skyes;
His haire was long, and curl'd, and did infold
Like knots of wire, compos'd of burnisht Gold;
His body was uncloath'd; His skin did show
More white then Iv'ry, or the new-faln snow,
Whose perfect whitenesse made a circling light,
That where it stood, it silverd o're the night;
And, as he spake, his wings would now and then
Spread, as he meant to flye, then close agen;
This news he brought; 'Twas neither Fame, nor I
That forg'd it, Swain; Good Angels cannot lye:
Canst thou beleve it? If thy faith be strong,
My greater Tidings shall enlarge my tongue.

V I G.

I doe *Evangelus*, though for a season,
 My faith was tyding on the streames of reason :
 Yet now, the gale of thy report shall drive
 Her sailes another course ; my thoughts shall strive
 Against that streame ; and what I cannot under-
 stand with my heart, I will beleeeve and wonder :
 But tell me, Swaine, what happinesse accrues
 From this ? Or else, relate thy better news.

E V A N G.

Then know *Vigilius*, whilst the Angell spake,
 My spirits trembled, and my loines did ake ;
 Horror and heart-amazing feares posselt
 The fainting powers of my troubled brest,
 And struck my frighted soule into a swoond,
 That I lay senselesse prostrate on the ground ;
 With that he stretcht his life-restoring arme,
 He rais'd me up and bid me feare no harme ;
 " Feare not, said he, I come not to affright
 " Thy gaster'd soule with terrours of the night ;
 " My errand (Shepherd) is not to abuse
 " Thine eyes with horrid shapes ; I bring thee news,
 " Tidings of joy, and everlasting peace :
 " Stand up and let thy faithlesse trembling cease ;
 " Collect thy scatter'd senses, Swaine, and heare
 " The happiest newes that ever beg'd an eare,
 " Such news, whereat th'harmonious quire of heaven,
 " Archangels, Angels, and the other seven

" Of

“ Of those Celestiall Hierarchies, the troop
“ Of glorious Saints, and soules of Prophets stoop
“ Their joyfull eares, and being fully freight
“ With joyes, sing forth Hosanna's to the height :
“ This night a Virgin hath brought forth a Son,
“ A perfect God, though clad in flesh and bone,
“ Like mortall man, th' eternall Prince of Rest,
“ And Peace, in whom all nations shall be blest :
“ This night a Virgin hath brought forth a Child,
“ A perfect Man, but pure, and undefil'd
“ With guilt of sin ; like you in shape and fashion,
“ And for your sakes, as subject to your passion :
“ A perfect God, whose selfe-subsisting nature
“ Required not the help of a Creator :
“ A perfect man, conceived by the power
“ Of th' holy Ghost, and borne this very hower :
“ A perfect God ; beyond the comprehending
“ Of man ; and infinite, without an ending :
“ A perfect man ; objected to the eye,
“ And touch of Flesh and Blood ; and borne to dye :
“ Like God, eternall ; yet his life a span,
“ Like yours ; a perfect God, a perfect man :
“ To you a Son is given ; the heire of glory,
“ Whose Kingdome's endlesse and untransitory :
“ To you a child is borne, that shall succeed
“ That princely *David*, and of *David's* seed :
“ A Son is given, whose name redeem'd the earth
“ A world of daies before his mothers birth :
“ A Child is borne, whose last expiring breath
“ Shall give new dayes ; and dying, conquer death :
“ A Son, a Child ; compos'd of Earth, and Heaven ;
“ To you a Child is borne, a Son is given :

“ We

“ We blessed Angels have no need at all
 “ Of such a Saviour, for we cannot fall :
 “ The damned spirits of th’ Infernall Throne
 “ Receive no profit by this Childe, this Son ;
 “ To you the glory of so great a gain
 “ Belongs ; To you these tidings appertain ;
 “ To you, thrice happy sons of men, we bring
 “ This welcome errand from th’ eternall King
 “ Of endlesse mercy, the great Lord of Heaven ;
 “ To you this Childe is born, this Son is given.
 “ Goe, Shepherds, goe to *Bethlem*, and your eyes
 “ Shall see the Babe ; The blessed Infant lyes
 “ In a poor Stable, swaddled in a Manger ;
 “ Goe, Swains, and entertain this heavenly Stranger,
 “ Upon your bended knees ; See, yonder Starre
 “ Shall be your Pilot, where these wonders are ;
 And as he spake that word, (not fully ended)
 Tenthousand Angels in a Troop descended ;
 But here my tongue must fail, not having might
 To tell the glory of that glorious fight :
 Nay, had I power, thine ears would prove as weak
 To apprehend, as my poor tongue’s to speak.
 They joyn’d their warbling notes, and in a height
 Beyond the curious frailty of conceit,
 Their voices sweetned our delighted fears,
 And with this Caroll blest our ravisht ears.

GLORY to God on high ; and jolly mirth
 Twixt man and man, and peace on earth :
 This night a childe is born,
 This night a Son is given ;
 This Son, this Childe
 Hath

Hath reconcil'd
 Poor man that was forlorne,
 And th'angry God of heaven :

Hosanna, sing Hosanna.

Now, now that joyfull Day,
 That blessed howre is come,
 That was foretold
 In dayes of old,

Wherein all nations may
 Blesse, blesse the Virgins wombe :

Hosanna, sing Hosanna.

Let heaven triumph above,
 Let earth rejoyce below,

Let heaven and earth
 Be fill'd with mirth ;

For peace and lasting love
 Atones your God, and you :

Hosanna, sing Hosanna.

With that, their Air-dividing plumes they spred,
 And, with *Hosanna*, in their mouths, they fled :
 But, Shepheard, ah how far does my report,
 Ah how extreamly my poor words come short
 To blaze such glory ! How have I transgreft,
 T' expresse such Raptures, not to be exprest !

V I G.

O, Swain, how could I lose my self to hear
 Thy blest discourse ! O how my greedy ear
 Clings to thy cordiall lips, whose soveraign breath
 Brings Antidotes against the fangs of death !

I

How

How happy are these times ! How blest are wee
 Above all ages, that are born to see
 This joyfull day, whose glory was deny'd
 To Kings and holy Prophets, that rely'd
 Upon the self-same hopes ! How more then they
 Are we poor Shepherds blest to see this day !

EVANG.

O Shepherd, had our Princely *David* seen
 This happy how'r, how had his spirit been
 Inflam'd with Joy, and Zeal ! What heavenly skill
 Had passion lent to his diviner Quill !
 What Odes ! what Lyrick Raptures had inspir'd
 His ravish'd soul, that was already fir'd
 With hopes alone, that these rare things should bee
 In after days, which now his eyes should see !

VIG.

No question, but an infinite delight
 Had easily sprung from so divine a sight :
 It had bin joy sufficient, that a Sonne
 Was born to sit upon his Princely Throne ;
 O, but that Son, to be a Saviour too,
 Able to conquer death, and overthrow
 The very Gates of Hell, and by his breath,
 To drag his soul from the deep Jaile of death,
 Had bin a Joy too high to be exprest
 By tongues, or trusted to a common brest :
 But hold ! whilst we endeavour to make known
 Anothers Joy, we o're neglect our own :

The

The day is broke; The Eastern Lamps begin
To fail, and draw their nightly glory in:
Let's up to *Bethlem*; though our happy eyes
But see the Building where our Saviour lyes;
Perchance our prosp'rous Journey may find grace
To kisse his hand, or see his lovely face.

EVANG.

Come, haste we then, *Vigilius*, let's away,
And gain th'advantage of the early day.

VIG.

Come, Shepherd; O how blest are thee and I,
That may behold our Saviour ere we dye!

I 2

EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE VI.

{ *Arminius.* }
 { *Philamnius.* }

ARMIN.

S Heheard, well met; Our losse hath made me bold
 To search thy *Doues* : Five weathers of our Fold
 Have straggled from our Pastures, and have stray'd.

PHILAM.

'Twas soundly watcht the whil'st: But have you made
 Search no where else?

ARMIN.

My hopes first led me hither;
 His way lies every where that kens not whither;
 Small moment, Shepheard, guides a doubtfull breast;
 Our sheep oft turn their faces to the East,
 Which led my hopefull fears (perchance too bold)
 To make enquiry in your Eastern Fold:

PHIL.

PHILAM.

And welcome : But me thinks the *Roman* Swains
 Should tell you news : It had bin lesser pains
 And to more purpose, (if my thoughts be cleare)
 For you t' have made your first enquiry there :
 There's but a slender ruinous *hedge* that bounds
 And slightly limits your contiguous Grounds ;
 So poor a *Fence*, young Swain, that 'tis suppos'd
 Yee feed in Common, though yee seem enclos'd :
 Goe make a speedy Triall, and search there.

ARMIN.

My hopes renue.

PHILAM.

And I renue my feare.

ARMINIUS.

But gentle Shepherd, Here a second thought
 Puzles my quickning hopes, and I am brought
 Into a greater doubt : The *Roman Brand*
 Is so, so like to ours ; nay, ev'n doth stand
 In th'selfe same place, that my unskilfull tongue
 Dare make no Challenge : I am yet but young
 And too too green to judge, and yet not made
 Acquainted with the secrets of our Trade :
 I'm doubtfull what to doe : It is all one
 Not to make search, as seek, and finde unknowne.

PHILAM.

Then, Swain, take my advice ; If what I say
Please not thy fancy, try a better way.

ARMIN.

Thanks, gentle Shepherd ; you shall much endear
Your thankfull servant, and command his ear.

PHILAM.

But Swain, acquaint me first (for it appears
Thou art as yet no Shepherd by thy years)
How often doth thy Master Shepherd feed
His numerous *Flocks* ; They are a jolly Breed,
And well come on ; How often doe they stand
Before his eye, and number'd by his hand ?

ARMIN.

Once in seven dayes, his food-providing care
Gives them a full *Repast* of dainty fare,
But for their daily *diet*, his command
Refers their welfare to my carefull hand.

PHILAM.

Which of the seav'n may his grave wisdom keep
For this *Repast* ? Or doe his ready sheep
Expect his *Call*, and wholly leave the day

To

To his wife pleasure ?

ARMIN.

What he will, he may :

The *day* is alterable ; Pow'r is given
To him, to choose, so he choose one in heaven :
But yet his wisdom for the *fashion* sake
And his own quiet, hath bin pleas'd to make
Choice of the first.

PHILAM.

Feeds he for by-respect ?

Folds he for fashion ? Better, quite neglect :
But does he totally devote that *day*
To his fair Flock ?

ARMIN.

He sends them pleas'd away,
Full fed with *dainties*, mingled with delight:
All day, they feed, and when the drooping Light
Begins to trebble the encreasing shades,
The Musick of the *Oaten Reeds* perswades
Their hearts to mirth ; His wanton *Rams* grow brisk ;
His *Ewes* begin to trip ; his *Lambs* to frisk ;
And whilst they sport and dance, the Love-sick Swains
Compose Rush-rings and Myrtleberry Chains,
And stuck with glorious *King-cups*, and their *Bonnets*
Adorn'd with *Lawrell slips*, chaunt their *Love-sonnets*
To stir the fires, and to encrease the flames
In the cold hearts of their beloved *Dames*.

PHILAM.

Your Shepherd takes great pains ; but his *Reward*
Will prove as heavy as his pains are hard :

But

But tell me, Swain, what dainty food is that
 That makes your thriving flocks, so plump, so fat ?
 They make rich Shepherds, and encrease their stock ;
Pan grant, your Shepherd make as rich a flock :
 But what's that dainty food ? here's none but wee,
 I am no Sive : I prithee Swain, be free.

ARMINIUS.

I know nor, why ; but I stand full possesst,
 My secrets finde a closet in thy brest ;
 Where I'll repose them : Know then, Shepherd, know,
 There is a glorious *Plant*, that once did grow
 In Priestly *Arons Garden*, in the dayes
 Of *Legall* worship ; this fair *Plant* did rayse
 A swelling *Husk*, in whose rich womb there lay
 Large Grains of Orient Pearl, which (as they say)
 Rip'ned, but nere disclos'd till that blest morn
 Wherein our good, our great God *Pan* was born ;
 Just then it open'd ; and th'enclosed *Grain*
 Unknownly vanisht ; and then, clos'd again :
 'This wondrous *Plant* still flourisht, and her strength
 Maintain'd her empty Husks, untill at length,
 Ah me ! our great *Pan* dyed, and then it droopt ;
 And had not brain-dissolved mortals stoopt
 And watred her dry *Roots* with floods of tears,
 'T had dyed, a fable to our faithlesse ears ;
 Which blessed *Plant*, whom these salt showres repair,
 Was by a *Roman-Shepherds* holy Pray'r
 And some days *Fast*, transplanted to the *Lay*
 Of Roman Shepherds, fruitfull to this day.

PHILAM.

But have those Pray'rs restor'd the Pearl again ?

ARMIN.

The *Husks* are plump ; but yet they bear no *Grains* :

PHILAM.

Those Husk-like Pray'rs, which vain devotion swells,
Come short for things of price, but home for shels.
But tell me, Swain, to what prodigious end
May these miraculous discourses tend ?

ARMIN.

Shepherd, I'll now perform (as you require)
My faithfull promise, and your fair desire :
These swellings Husks, which heretofore retain'd
This vanish *Pearl*, for many years remain'd
Uselesse and vain, untill an after *Age*
More wisely curious, and maturely sage,
Made further search, and by experience found
Their vast and wide extended wombs abound
With precious oyle, whose aromatick *scent*,
Like fatning Amber, nourisht where it went :
This odoriferous, this unctious *Juice*
Our *Roman* Shepherds husband to their use
A thousand ways : with this their sacred hands
Varnish their painted *Folds*, manure their lands,

K

Sweeten

Sweeten their putrid *Fodder*, and improve
 Their wel-contented *Flocks* in fear, and love :
 Now gentle Shepherd, we, whose bord'ring bounds
 Are ev'n contiguous with those Roman grounds,
 Have secret traffick, and a fair commerce ;
 Though seeming foes, we under hand converse :
 We plot, contrive, consult, we enterchange
 Both *wares* and hearts, and yet are seeming strange ;
 This precious *Oyle*, (the hint of our discourse)
 We hold in *Common*, without pray'r, or purse :
 With this, our thriving Shepherds every day
 Anoint their formall *Temples*, which display
 Their glorious frowns, at whose severer brow
 Their crouching *Flocks* doe tremble, fawn, and bow,
 Their curved bodies, and with reverence, stand
 Creating *Idols* at their strict command :
 With this restoring *Oyle*, they dulcifye
 The meanest *trash* that ever Shepherds eye
 Disdain'd ; nay, oftentimes their flocks doe fare
 No better then Chameleons in the ayre :
 Not having substance ; but with forc'd content,
 Making their *Maundy* with an empty *sent* :

PHILAM.

But Swain, me thinks, such kind of food should keep
 The thriving Shepherd fatter then his *sheep*.

ARMIN.

True, Shepherd, they seem lusty, though not full ;
 But what they want in flesh, they find in *wool*.

PHIL.

PHILAM.

But Swain, I wonder much they make not bold,
Sometimes to straggle to another *Fold*,
To mend so mean a diet ?

ARMIN.

Every day,
If not well watcht, some one or other stray
To your rich Plains : where if by chance ere found
They rue it dearly, though they scape the *Pound*.

PHILAM.

We are poor Tenants, Swain ; the *Pound*'s not ours,
The *Pound* belongs to you ; The Lordship's yours.

ARMIN.

But Shepherd, when our rambling flocks oppress
Your *vally pastures*, they as well transgress
Our *Mountain laws*, which when our Swains present,
Our righteous scales weighs out the punishment
Companion to th' offence ; Sometimes we fine,
Sometimes impound, and sometimes discipline
With sharper *Censures* : But what wrong is made
To you, our Lordship's sure to see you paid.

PHILAM.

W' are paid indeed ! your Lordship is so just
That smooth-fac'd mercy oftentimes is thrust

K 2

From

From your too just Assemblies ; But young Swain,
What if some stragglers in your fleecy train
Should chance to wander to the Roman Fold ?

ARMIN.

As oft they doe: Why, Shephard, we still hold
A fair compli~~ance~~ there; Alas, we stand
On equall terms, not differing much in Brand,
Nor soil, nor bone, nor number; Our proud Rams
Oft tup their Ewes, and then we share their Lambs;
And their's, by stealth, sometimes tup ours; and thus
As we did share their Lambs, they share with us;
That insomuch, not twice two Moons full past,
Unseen, I heard some conference at last,
It was their mutuall vote, That that sleight Fense
Which parts their neighb'ring hills were taken thence
By some indifferent hand; at length, concluded
That swift wing'd Time (whose crooked fithe intruded
Into the state of transitory things)
Would doe the deed.

PHILAM.

Heav'n close or clip his wings.

But tell me Swain, (since thine own fair desert
Hath taught thee so much trust as to impart
Thy treasur'd secrets in my faithfull eare)
What are thy Shepherds ways? Are they severe,
Reserv'd, and strict? Or gives he free'r raines
To mirth and sports, as on our frolique Plaines
We Shepherds use?

ARMIN.

Shephard, the early days

Of

Of my lifes Kalender can hardly rayse
So high a reck'ning to inform your eare
What his first ways and new-launched courses were ;
Nor can my credit warrant the report
Of doubtfull *Fame*, which oftentimes comes short,
And oft exceeds the letter of the Truth ;
But here tis voic'd that his ingenious youth
Was tutor'd first, and trained up in sweet
And sacred Learning at *Gamaliels* feet
Under that famous *Chappell*, (which they say
Was since repair'd, whose memory to this day
Is fresh in our *Records*) where twice at least
In every twice twelve howres he came and blest
His hopefull fortunes ; led a temp'rate life,
As far from idlenesse, as factious strife ;
He was a painfull Shepheard, strict, severe,
And by report, a little too austere
Against those harmlesse sports and past'ral songs ;
And ceremonious *Quintils*, that belongs
To Shepherds rurall mirth ; nay, more then so,
If fame be true, he was a *Zelus* too.
But since promotion rais'd him from the *plaines*
To *Mountain* service, where his flock routines
Committed to my charge, his *zeale* abates,
And richly cloth'd with Lordly filks he waites
In Courts of Princes, reveling out his dayes
In lavish feasts and frolique Roundelayes,
Carousing liberrall healths to the deare name
Of this rare Beauty, or that Courtly Dame ;
Commands, controls, usurps a power unknown,
Makes Laws, and puffs, and Lords it up and down :
That

That inſomuch the Courſe he firſt began
Is quite forgot, and he another man.

PHILAM.

O Swain, me thinks theſe ruſſings ill beſit
A Shepherds cloth; The Riots they commit,
Methinks ſhould bring a ſcandall, and deſame
Their publique callings, and their private name.

ARMINIUS.

Ah Shepheard, were their glory not too bright
For ſcandall to eclipse, 'twould ſoon be night
With their Profeſſion; but the Clouds that riſe
Upon their darkned names ſo blurre the eies
Of their repute, that neighb'ring Swains deride
The bubbling folly of their babling Pride,
Whilst paſſers by cry ſhame, when they behold
Such burly *Shepherds* and ſo bare a *Fold*.
Ah gentle Shepheard, how it gripes and wounds
My bleeding ſoul to ſee our moſſy grounds
Parcht up and burnt, for want of timely ſhow'rs,
Bought with our painfull Shepherds pray'rs, whilst
Flouriſh and proſper, watred with the dew (yours
Of pleaſed heav'n's that bleſſe both them and you!

PHILAM.

True Swain, the gracious hand of heav'n hath bleſt
Our fruitfull *Plains*; my thriving ſlocks have reſt

And

And down-right feeding ; what we gain we spend
 With thankfull hearts, and what we spare we lend :
Roots are our food, and *Russet* is our clothing ;
 We have but little, and we want for nothing : (ous ;
 Streams quench our thirst, nor taste we what's delici-
 Our brain's not busie, nor our breasts ambitious,
 We charm our cares, and chaunt away our sorrow,
 We live to day, and care not for to morrow :
 Thrice blessed be our great God *Pan*, that takes
 A gracious pleasure in our pains, and makes
 Our labours prosp'rous, and with sparing hand
 Lends us enough, and courage to withstand
 The gripes of fortune, and her frowns, for which
 Our lowly hearts shall fly as high a pitch,
 As they that impe their more ambitious wings
 With Eagles plumes, and mount to Thrones of Kings.
 But Swain, I am transported, and I fear
 Too long delay hath wrong'd your patient ear ;
 My promise hath engag'd me as your guide
 To search your stragglers that have stray'd aside.

ARMIN.

Your blest example hath prescrib'd a way
 To find my selfe that am the greater stray,
 For which fair Shepheard, may the heav'ns encrease
 Your perfect welfare in eternall peace.

PHILAM.

PHILAM.

Thanks gentle Swain; And if our homely Plains
 May give you pleasure, purchas'd by our pains,
 Enjoy it freely: But the evening damp
 Begins to fall, and heavens declining Lamp
 Belpeaks the doubtfull Twilight: Day (grown old)
 Invites the fowls to Roost, my Sheep to Fold.

EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE VII.

{ *Schismaticus.* }
 { *Adelphus.* }

SCHIS.

HOW fare thy Flocks, *Adelphus* ? Doe they stand
 All sound ? And doe they prosper in thy hand ?

ADEL.

I hope they doe ; their Pasture's green and fresh ;
 They'r of good bone, and meetly struck in flesh :
 They bring faire Lambs, and fleeces white as snow,
 Their Lambs are faire ones, and their fleeces too.

SCHIS.

What makes thee then so sad ? Thy flocks so faire
 And fleeces too, what makes thy fleece so bare ?
 Thy cheekes so hollow, and thy sides so thin,
 As if thy girdle had been taken in
 By famine, for the want of Belly stufte
 To fill them up ?

L

ADEL.

A D E L.

The Shepheard's fat enough
That owes the flock; I doe but dresse his vine,
'And tread the Presse; 'tis he that drinks the wine.

S C H I S.

Art thou his Lad? Or do'st thou serve for Fee?
Wert ever bound to th' trade? Or art thou free?

A D E L.

Seaven yeares compleat, I serv'd a jolly dame
Yclept *Cantabria*, whose illustrious name
Has fill'd the world, whose memorable Glory
Is made the subject of all Shepherds story:
For frolick Roundelayes, and past'rall Songs,
And all those quaint devises that belongs
To Shepherds mirth, she bore the bell away;
Had Thracian *Orpheus* liv'd to see her day,
How had the glory of his Art been dim!
Sure, he had follow'd her, as beasts did him:
Seaven yeares I serv'd this jolly Dame, and she
At seaven yeares end was pleas'd to set me free:
Ere since I fisht in troubled streams, to get
Some poor imployment, as she thought me fit
(After my seaven yeares bonds) to entertain;
Out fisht my patience, and yet fisht again:
My float lay still, whil' st other anglers took:
Indeed, I fisht not with a golden hook,
As others did; whereby I was compel'd
To slag my sailes, which late ambition swel'd

Above

Above the power of my purse, and serve,
Like a poore hireling : better stoop then sterue.

SCHIS.

'Tis true, *Adelphus* ; times are grown so bad,
Without that hook, there's nothing to be had ;
But say, young Swaine, what stipend does reward
Thy yearely paines ? I know thy paines are hard.

ADEL.

There's nothing cheaper now, then poor mens sweat ;
Indeed my paines are not esteem'd too great
For twice ten yearly Royalls to requite,
And yet I ward all day, and watch all night.

SCHIS.

Gold, dearely purchas'd ! Does thy paines obtain
No by-commendacs, no collaterall gain,
To raise and heighten up the slender wall
Of thy low fortunes ?

ADEL.

Shepherd, none at all ;
And that which grieves me most, my straggling sheep
Are apt to roame abroad ; they will not keep
Their owne appointed limits ; But they stray,
Rambling some one ; and some, another way :
They love to change, & wander, God knowes whither,
Like other flocks, they seldome feed together ;
Whereby, to my great grief, they neither show their
Good will to me, nor loves to one another.

L 2

SCHIS.

SCHIS.

* Thou art but greene, *Adelphus*, and as yet
 A very Novice in the trade of wit :
 Time was, *Adelphus*, that my wants would whine
 And whimper in poore rags as well as thine ;
 As small a girdle circled, and embrac'd
 The empty casket of my hidebound wast ;
 My visage was as thin, my hollow cheeks
 As faithfull Almanacks of Emberweeks ;
 But wise *Experience*, the beloved child
 Of *Time* and *Observation*, soone exil'd
 My green wit *folly*, and endu'd my heart
 With the true knowledge of the Shepherds art ;
 She taught me new devises, to enrich
 My flocks and me ; (waies far above the pitch
 Of plaine, and triviall wits, and far exceeding
 The downright discipline of common feeding)
 I tell thee, Swaine; before I learn'd this way,
 My rambling flocks would never fadge to stay
 Within my pastures ; every thorne would beare
 A costly witnesse that they had been there ;
 I sought about, but often sought in vaine;
 Some would be lost, and ne'er come home againe :
 Others, unsought for, would perchance return
 With bags new strain'd, and fleeces newly shorn ;
 Some hang'd on crooked bryers, where, unfed,
 Some were discover'd dying, others dead :
 Thus being a foole, like thee, I lost my sheep ;
 They could not keep me, that I could not keep :
 But when as wise *Experience* had school'd me,

And

And purg'd that common error that befool'd me,
 My flocks could love their feed, and leave to roame;
 In stead of straying, there would thousands come
 From other folds, that daily su'd to be
 Accounted mine; and own'd no Swaine, but me:
 That in short time, my fold was grown so full
 That lamb was held no dainty; and my wooll
 Waxt so abundant, that one moiety fill'd
 A spacious room, which tother halfe did build.

A D E L.

I envy not thy wel-deserved store,
 Ingenious Shepherd; I admire more
 The secret of thy art, which if it be
 To be repos'd, repose the trust in me:
 My better'd fortunes, shall have cause to pay
 Their vows, and bleſſe thy soule another day.

S C H I S.

Come then, sit down, *Adelphus*, and attend;
 Thou hast desir'd, thou hast obtain'd a friend,
 Who, in a word, shall give thee brieve direction,
 Wherein, thy practice must produce perfection:
 There is a glorious Island, cal'd by name,
 The Isle of *Man*, a place of noted fame
 For Merchants trading, rich and fairely stor'd
 With all that forain Kingdomes can afford;
 Vpon that Island is a City cal'd
 By th' name of *Kephalon*, round, richly wal'd
 With polish't Ivory, wherein does stand

The beauty and the strength of all the land ;
 At th' upper end of *Microcosmos* streit,
 Neare to the Palace, where the Muses meet
 In counsell, (as the heathnish Poets fain)
 There dwels, (wel known to many a Shepheard swain)
 A man, by trade a Gardner, hight by name
Phantasmus ; one, whose curious hand can frame
 Rare knots, and quaint devises ; that can make
 Confounding Labyrinths ; will undertake
 To carve the lively shapes of fowle or beast
 In running streames ; nay, what exceeds the rest,
 Will make ye gardens full of dainty flowers,
 Of strawbery banks, and sun-resisting bowers,
 Like cobwebs flying in the flitting aire ;
 There is no seed of any thing that's rare,
 Forein or native, which by sea or land,
 Is not conveigh'd to his enquiring hand :
 Among the rest, (to draw a step more neare
 To what suspends thy long expecting eare)
 This Gardner has a seed, which schollers call
Idea ; sweet in tast, and very small ;
 It is a seed well known, and much despis'd
 By vulgar judgments, but as highly priz'd
 By men of art ; a seed of wondrous might,
 And soverain vertue, being us'd aright ;
 But most of all to Shepheards, that have care
 T'encrease their flocks, and keep their pastures faire.

A D E L.

Neglect of what is good, is goods abuse :
 But tell me how it makes for Shepheards use ?

S C H I S.

S C H I S.

This seed being scatter'd on the bareſt grounds,
Shoots up a ſudden leaſe, which leaſe abounds
With pretious moiſture ; 'Tis, at firſt, but ſlender,
Like ſpiny graſſe of nature ſoft and tender,
And apt to chill with every blaſt of aire,
Unleſſe the ſkilfull Swaine take ſpeciall care
To keep it cloſe, and cover'd from the blaſt
Of Eaſterne winds ; and then it thrives ſo faſt,
And ſpreads abroad ſo rank, that froſt nor fire
Can make it fade ; and trod, it mounts the higher ;
'Tis call'd *Opinion* ; 'Tis a curious feed
That ſheep doe moſt delight in, and indeed,
Is ſo delicious pleaſing to the taſt,
That they account it but a ſecond faſt
To feed, or graze on any food but that ;
It makes them in a fortnights ſpace as fat,
As full of thriving moiſture, and appeare
As faire, as thoſe that paſture all the yeare:
It is ſo fragrant, that the ſcent provokes
The lingring appetite of neighb'ring flocks
To prove unknown delight ; nor hedge, nor ditch,
Can be a fence ſufficient to the Itch
Of their invited ſtomacks ; they will come
From other folds, and make thy fold their home.

A D E L.

But wher's the profit, Shepheard, wher's the gains?
He feedes but ill, that finds no price, but pains.

S C H I S.

SCHIS.

He's but a filly Cook that wists not how
To lick his fingers ; she deserves no Cow
That kens not how to milke ; nor he, a fold,
That cannot sheare ; he that complaines of cold,
And has a lib'ral woodstack in his yard,
May freeze, unpitied ; and lament, unheard.

ADEL.

True, gentle Shepherd ; but ill gotten wealth
Ill thrives ; better be cold then warm by stealth.

SCHIS.

Thou art a novice, Swaine, thou need'st not take
Vngiven ; nor yet, with humble suits awake
Their charity ; when they have found the smack
Of thy delicious pasture, thou shalt lack
No good, that they can give ; on every bryer
They'l hang their fleeces for thee ; they'l conspire
To yeane their jolly lambs within thy cot,
To make them thine ; In brieft, what wil they not ?

ADEL.

But tell me, Shepherd, will this dainty feed
Make them but seeming fat, or fat indeed ?

SCHIS.

S C H I S.

What's that to us, if they appear but so ?
 Their Lambs are fair; their Fleeces white as snow;
 They thrive; are fruitfull, and encrease our store;
 What need a curious Shepherd question more ?
 What, if their skins be pult ? no eye can see't;
 What, if their flesh be ranck? Their Lambs are sweet:
 If plump and fruitfull, whether bloat, or fat,
 We take no care; let Butchers look to that:
 They bear nor fleece, nor lamkin being flead;
 Swain, 'tis the quick we live by, not the dead.

A D E L P H.

But I have heard some learned Shepherds say,
 There is a statute, that forbids this way
 Of feeding sheep: there dwels, not far from hence,
 A Shepherd, lately question'd for th' offence.

S C H I S.

Let tim'rous fooles fear statutes; Swain, I know
 The worst that Statutes have the pow'r to doe;
 They speak big words, will threaten to deprive,
 Imprison, fine, and then perchance connive:
 Twice have I star'd the stern-brow'd high Cômmission
 In th'open face, in levell opposition;
 The first time they depriv'd me of my Crook;
 Dispoil'd me of my fruitfull flocks; they took
 My thriving pastures from me; even proceeding

M

To

To the height of law, to bind my hands from feeding;
 But 'twas no high Commission cords could tie
 My hands so fast, in publique, but that I
 Could slip the knot in private; I did keep
 No flocks abroad; but, then, I hous'd my sheep;
 I fed in Corners; slippt my wethers Bell
 From off his lofty crest, that none could tell
 Our secret meetings; There, my flocks would come,
 Sometimes, perchance, and toll an Ewe from home,
 T'enrich my Fold; and now my gaines were more,
 Being thus depriv'd; then ere they were before:
 But soon my private practice was discry'd
 By a false-hearted brother, who envy'd
 My prosp'rous state; and, under-hand did call
 My yeelding cause to try a second fall
 With th'high Commission, whose tempestuous blast
 Confin'd me, fin'd me, and severely past,
 Next market day, betwixt mine eares and me,
 A firm divorce perpetually to be.

A D E L P.

Gain dearly bought! In my opinion, Swain,
 The profit counterpoyses not the pain:
 I hold more sweetnesse in a poor estate,
 Then treasure, purchas'd at so deare a rate:
 The day was fair, till the foul evening soil'd it;
 The Play was good, untill the last Act spoil'd it:
 'Tis a false Trade, that flatters at the first
 With peace, and wealth, and makes last days the worst.

SCHIS.

Be not deceiv'd, *Adelphus*; bolts and chains
Make Shepherds pris'ners, but enlarge their gains:
Where wealth comes trowling, pains are princely
Bands are but goldē bracelets; Jails, but Courts; (sports;
I tell thee, Swain, (I speak it to the praise
Of Charity) I never breath'd such dayes,
As when the voice of law enjoyn'd my feet
To tread the curious Labrinth of the Fleet;
Full diet came, unsought; my bounteous dish
Deny'd no delicates, that flesh or fish
Could yeeld; the sporting Lamb, the frisking Kid,
The tripping Fawn, the sucking Lev'ret did
Present themselves before my smiling eyes,
A morning, or an evening sacrifice:
The Sea-born Sturgeon, and the broad-side Bream,
The wary Trout, that thrives against the stream;
The well-grown Carp, full laden with her spawn;
The scarlet Lobster, and the pricknos'd Prawn;
Oyle-steep'd Anchovis, landed from his brine,
Came freely swimming in red seas of wine;
The brawny Capon, and the full egg'd Hen,
The stream-fed Swan, the Malard of the Fen,
The coasting Plover, and the mounting Lark,
Furnisht my Table like an other Ark:
Come, come, *Adelphus*, prisons are no more
Then scare-bugs to fright children from the dore
Of their preferment; Linits in the Cage
Sit warm, and full, when Flyers feel the rage
Of Frost, and Famine; They can sit, and sing

Whilst others droop, and hang the feeble wing :
 Besides, the name of Prison breeds remorse
 In such as meerly know it by discourse ;
 It moves compassion from the tender City,
 When we deserve their envy, more then pity.

ADELPH.

I, but me thinks, such bulk-improving ease,
 Join'd with such pamp'ring delicates as these,
 Should bolster up thy brawny cheeks, and place
 Such lusty characters upon the face
 Of prosperous welfare, that an easie eye
 Could find no object for her charity.

SCHIS.

Who cannot force complaint without a grief,
 May grieve in earn't, and pine without relief :
 When gentle Novices bring their bounties in,
 We suck our cheeks, to make our cheeks look thin ;
 Put on our fustian night-caps, and compose
 Strange rusfull faces ; whimper in the nose ;
 Turn up the eye, and justifie our Cause
 Against the strictnesse of severer lawes ;
 O, how these tender-hearted fools partake
 In our distresse ! how sadly they will shake
 Their sorrow-palsi'd heads, and sigh and whine,
 To see poor hunger-bitten Christians pine
 In the sad Jayle ! whereas we spend the day
 As frolick, feast, and sleep as soft as they.

ADELP.

ADELP.

If Prisons be so gainfull, what offence
Took thy discretion to remove thee thence ?

SCHIS.

Fair hopes of fairer fortunes ; which, in short,
My tongue shall take the freedome to report ;
There was a hopefull voyage (late intended
For new Plantation) to a place commended
By common voice, and blaz'd above all other
For fat, and fruitfull soile (the joyfull mother
Of fair and peacefull plenty) call'd by name
Nov' Anglia ; If the partiall blast of fame
Be not too vainly lavish, and out-blows
The truth too much, it is a Land that flowes
With milke and hony, and (conceiv'd of some)
By good manuring, may, in time, become
A second Land of *Canaan* ; to which end
There is a holy people, that intend
To sell intire estates, and to remove
Their faithfull households thither, to improve
Their better'd fortunes, being resolv'd to keep
(As our forefathers did in *Canaan*) sheep ;
This hopefull voyage was the cord, that drew me
From Prison ; but this voyage overthrew me :
I thought that my delicious kind of feed
Had bin a dainty there ; I thought, my seed
Had bin unknown in that unplanted clime ;
I hop'd, that in the small extent of time,

(Being out of reach of Law, and uncontroll'd
By high Commissions) my frequented Fold
Might soon ingroft the flocks of every foile,
And made me fupream Lord of all the Ifle;
But when I came to praftice, every Swain
Was mafter of my Art, and every Plain
Brought forth my fecret; now, the common Pasture
Of all the Land; and every Hind's a Mafter.

A D E L P H.

Thanks, gentle Shepheard, for thy fair difcourfe;
The fiery Chariot now declines her courfe,
And hot-mouth'd Phlegon bowes his Crest, to coole
His flaming nofthrils in the Western Poole:
My closed lips muft plead a debt, and pray
Your courteous patience till another day;
I fear, my flocks will think their Swain too bold
To keep them longer from their quiet Fold.

E G L O G V E

EGLOGVE VIII.

{ *Anarchus.* }
 { *Canonicus.* }

A N A R.

GRaze on my sheep; and let your soules desye
 The food of common shepherds; Come not nigh
 The Babylonish *Pastures* of this Nation;
 They are all heathenish; all abomination:
 Their Pastors are prophane, and they have trod
 The steps of *Belial*, not the ways of God.
 You are a chosen, a peculiar crew,
 That blessed handfull, that selected few
 That shall have entrance; set apart and gifted
 For holy exercises, cleans'd and sifted,
 Like Flowre from Bran, and separated from the Coats
 Of the unsanctified, like sheep from goats.
 But who comes here? My Lambs, why graze ye thus?
 Why stand yee frighted? 'Tis *Canonicus*.

CAN.

C A N.

God-morrow, Swain; God keep thee from the sorrow
 Of a sad day; What speechlesse? Swain, God-morrow:
 What, Shepherd, not a word to entertain
 The wishes of a friend? God-morrow, Swain:
 Not yet? What mean these silent Common places
 Of strange aspects? what mean these antick faces?
 I fear, his costive words, too great for vent,
 Stick in his throat; how like a Jack-a-lent
 He stands, for boyes to spend their shrovetide throws,
 Or like a Puppit, made to frighten Crows!

A N A R.

Thou art a limb of Satan; and thy throat
 A sink of poyson; thy Canonickall coat
 Is nothing but a Liv'ry of the Beast;
 Thy language is prophane, and I detest
 Thy sinfull greetings, and that beath'nish fashion
 Of this your Antichristian salutation;
 In brief, God keep me from the greater sorrow
 Of thee; and from the curse of thy God-morrow.

C A N.

How now, *Anarchus*? Has thy hungry zeale
 Devoured all thy manners at a meale?
 No Scraps remain? Or has th'unfruitfull year
 Made charity so scarce, and love so dear,
 That none's allow'd, upon the sleight occasion

Of

Of interview, or civill salutation?
 Is thy store hoarded up? or is it spent?
 Wilt thou vent none? or hast thou none to vent?
 The curse of my God-morrow? Tis most true,
 Gods blessing proves a curse to such as you.

A N A R.

To such as we? Goe, save your breath, to blow
 Your vain Cathedrall Bagpipes; and bestow
 Your triviall pray'rs on those that cannot pray
 Without their spectacles; that cannot say
 Their unregarded prayers, unlesse they hold
 The *Let'my*, or the charms of *Sorrocold*
 Before their purblind eyes; that disinherit
 Their soules of freedome, and renounce the Spirit;
 Perchance, your idle prayers may finde an eare
 With them; Go spend your vain God-morrows there.

C A N.

Art thou thy self, *Anarchus*? Is thy heart
 Acquainted with that tongue, that does impart
 This brain-sick language? Could thy passion lend
 No sleighter subject, for thy breath to spend
 Her Aspine venome at, but that, alone,
 That shuts and opens the Eternall Throne
 Of the Eternall God? Is prayer become
 So poor a guest, to be deny'd a roome
 In thy opinion? To be scorn'd; contemn'd, (denn'd
 Like school-boyes Theams, whose errors have con-

The guilty Truant to the Masters Rod?
Can that displease thee, that delights thy God?

ANAR.

Thou childe of wrath, and fierbrand of Hell,
Flows wholesome water from a tainted Well?
Or can those prayers be pleasing, that proceed
From unregen'rate breasts? Can a foul weed
Delight the smell? or ugly shapes, the view?
I say, your prayers are all prophane, like you;
They'r like that heath'nish Ruffe of thine, that perks
Upon thy stiffe-neckt collar, pranckt with Ferks
Of studied wit, startcht with strong lines, and put
In a set Form, of th' Antichristian Cut.

CAN.

Consult with Reason, Shepherd, and advise;
Call home thy Senses; and cast back thine eyes
On former dayes; No doubt, but there were they
That liv'd as sanctimonious, that could pray,
Lift up as holy hands, and did inherit
As great a share, and freedome of the Spirit,
As you; and these could count it no disgrace
To their profession, in a publique place,
To use set Forms; did not their wisdoms doe
What you contemn, nay more prescribe it too,
(Yet neither quench'd, nor wrong'd the sacred motion
Of the prompt Spirit) as helps to dull devotion?
Nay, more; Has not th'unanimous consent
Of all reformed Churches (to prevent

Confused

Confused babling, and to disenorm
Pre post'rous Service) bred us to a Form
Of Common Prayer; Prayers so divinely penn'd,
That humane Eloquence does even contend
With heavenly Majesty, whilst both conspire
To kindle zeal, and to inflame desire :

ANAR.

The Book of Common Prayer? what tell'st thou me
Of that? My soul defies both that and thee :
Thou art *Baals* Priest; and that vain Book's no more
Then a meer Relique of the Romane Whore :
Me thinks a Christian tongue should be asham'd
To name such trash; I spit to hear it nam'd :
Tell me of Common Prayers? The midnight yelp
Of *Bal* my Bandog is as great a help
To raise devotion in a Christians breast,
As that; the very language of the Beast;
That old worn Masse-book of the new Edition;
That Romish rabble, full of Superstition;
That paper Idol; that inchaunting Spell;
That printed Image, sent from Rome, from Hell;
That broad-fac'd Owle, upon a carved Perch;
That *Bel* and *Dragon* of the English Church.

CAN.

Be not too lavish, Shepherd; half this stuffe
Will make a Coat, to prove thee fool enough :
Hold, hold: thy brain-sick language does bewray
The self-same spirit, whether rayle or pray :

For fooles that rave, and rage, not knowing, why,
 A scourge is far more fit, then a reply
 But say, *Anarchus*, (If it be not treason
 Against discretion, to demand a reason
 From franctick tongues) resolve me, Shepherd, why
 This book is grown so odious in thine eye?

A N A R.

Because it is an Idoll, whereunto
 You bend your idle knees, as Papists doe
 To their lewd Images.

C A N.

I, but we pray
 Not to, but by it;

A N A R.

Just so, Papists say:
 Say, in what place th' Apostles ever did
 Command *Set Forme*?

C A N.

Where was *Set Forme* forbid?
 What Text commanded you to exercise
 Your Function over Tables? Or baptise
 In Basons? What Apostle taught your tongue
 To gibe at Bishops? Or to vex and wrong
 Your Mother Church? Who taught yee to oppose
 Your Rulers? Or to whimper in the nose?
 But since you call for Precedents, (although
 'Tis more then our safe practice need to show)
 Read, to what Blessing that blest Saint commends
 The holy Church, saluted at the ends
 Of all his sweet Epistles; Or if these

Suffice

Suffice not, may your greater wisdoms please
 To step into the Law, and read th'expreſſe
 Commanded * Form, wherein the Priest muſt bleſſe * Numb.
 The parting people; Can thy brazen brow 6.23.
 Deny all this? What refuge have yee now?
 Y're gone by Law and Goſpel; They both uſ'd
Set Forme; What Scripture now muſt be abus'd?

A N A R.

Well, if the Lord be pleaſed to allow
Set Formes to Prophets, are they ſet to you?
 Or have yee ſo much boldneſſe to compare
A Prelats prating, to a *Prophets* Pray'r?

C A N.

O, that ſome equall hearer now were by
 To laugh his treble ſhare, as well as I!
 Examples are demanded; which, being given,
 We muſt not follow: Giddy brains! bereaven
 Of common ſenſe! Where heaven does make no
 You ſtyle it with the term of mans invention: (mentiō,
 Where heaven commandeth, and is pleas'd to hallow
 With bleſt Examples, there we muſt not follow.)

A N A R.

So heaven (by bleſt Examples) did enjoin,
 Your bended knees to worſhip Bread, and Wine?

C A N.

CAN.

When your crosse-garted knees fall down before
Your Parlour-Table, what doe you adore ?

ANAR.

So heaven commands, by conjuring words to bring
Vow'd hands together, with a hallow'd *Ring* ?

CAN.

'Tis true; your fiery zeals cannot abide
Long circumstance; your doctrine's, *Vp and Ride.*

ANAR.

So heaven commanded, that religious praise
Be given to Saints, and worship to their dayes ?

CAN.

Whom you contemn, because they did not preach
Those Doctrines, that your Western Parlours teach.

ANAR.

So heaven commanded *Bishops*, and the rest
Of that lewd *Rank*, ranck members of the *Beast* ?

CAN.

CAN.

I, heaven commanded such, and gave them power
To scourge, and check such ill-pac'd *Beasts* as you are:

ANAR.

So heaven commanded, that the *high Commission*
Should plague poor Christians, like the *Inquisition*?

CAN.

Your plagues are what your own behaviours urge;
None, but the guilty, raile against the *Scourge*.

ANAR.

So heaven commands your prayers, that buried dust
Of *Whores* and *Theeves* should triumph with the Just?

CAN.

Man may not censure by externall view;
Forbear; we, sometimes, pray for some of you.

ANAR.

So heaven commands your *Paintings, Pipes, & Copes*,
Us'd in your Churches, and ordain'd by *Popes*?

CAN.

CAN.

Where Popish hands have rais'd in every Town
 A Parish Church, shall we pull Churches down ?
 But come, *Anarchus*, let us leave to play
 At childish *Pushpin*; Come, let not the day
 Be lost in *Trifles*, to a fruitlesse end ;
 Let's fall to hotter service, and contend
 By more substantiall argument, whose weight
 May vindicate the truth from light conceit ;
 Let's try a *Syllogisme*; (Art infuses
 Spirit into the children of the *Muses*)
 Whereby, stout error shall be forc'd to yield,
 And Truth shall sit sole Mistresse of the Field.

ANAR.

Art me no Arts ; That which the Sp'rit infuses
 Shall edge my tongue : What tell'st thou me of *Muses*,
 Those Pagan *Gods* ; the Authours of your Schismes ?
 P'sh ! tell not me of Arts, and *Silifismes* ;
 I care not for your Quirks, and new devices
 Of studied wit : We use to play our prizes,
 With common weapons, and, with downright knocks,
 We beat down sin, and error, like an *Oxe* ;
 And cut the throat of heath'nish Pop'ry too,
 Like *Calves*, prepar'd for slaughter, so we doe :
 We rash in sunder *Heresie*, like an Ell
 Of *Sarcenet*, then convey it down to Hell :
 We take just measure of a Christians heart,
 By th' yard of Judgement ; then, by dextrous Art,
 We

We cut out doctrines, and from notch, to notch
 We fit our holy *Stuffe*, (we doe not borch
 Like you; but make it jump, that it be neither
 Too wide nor straight) then stitch it up together,
 And make a Robe of *Sanctity*, to fit
 The childe of Grace; we medle not with wit:
 These be the meanes that overthrow our Schismes,
 And build Religion, without *Sigilismes*.

C A N.

A rare device! But tell me, wert thou made
 A Butcher, or a Tayler by thy trade?
 I look'd for Schollership; but it appears,
 Hoods make no Monks; nor Beards, Philosophers.

A N A R.

Surely, I was, at first, by Occupation,
 A Merchant Tayler, till that leuder fashion
 Of Spanish Cassocks grew into request;
 When having left that Calling, I profest
 T Chaunler, where I was enforc'd to vent
 That hellish smoake, whose most unsavory scent
 Perfum'd my garments so, that I began
 To be conceiv'd an Unregenerate man:
 Which cal'd me from that course or life, to trade
 In tape and inckle; ere I year'd and day'd
 This new imployment, O a strange mischance
 Ore threw my dealings, which did disadvance
 My meane estate; and whereupon, I fled
 To *Amsterdam*; where being trencher-fed

O

By

By holy *Brethren*, liv'd in great respect,
 Sr Rev'rence, footing stockings for th' Elect :
 Surely the favour of the Brethrens feet,
 Perfum'd with commings in, is very sweet :
 There, twise six monthes I had not led my life,
 But I became an *Husband* to an Wife,
 The widow of an *Elder* ; in whose stead,
 I was, (though I could neither write, nor read)
 Accounted worthy (though I say't) and able
 To preach the *Gospel* at our *holy Table*.

C A N.

(thee
 But say, what strange mischance was that, did move
 To flee thy native soile ? What mischief drove thee ?
 What dire dysaster urg'd thy skilfull hand
 To find imployment in a forain Land ?

A N A R.

Surely, I was, when that mischance befell,
 But poore in purse, and was constrain'd to sell
Cadice and *Inckle*; now because my trade
 Requir'd an help, I entertain'd a Maide;
 An able Christian; (though I say't) Begot
 Of holy Parents; (though the nuptiall knot
 Of ceremonious Mariage never tyed
 Their joyned hands) *She was a Sanctified*
And undefiled Vessell; She would pray,
 When others slept; and work when others play:
 She was of exc'lent knowledg; and, indeed,
 She could expound, and preach too, for a need;

She

She was my servant, and set up my trade
 With her owne hands ; her skilfull fingers made
 The *Tape* and *Inckle*, where withall she stor'd
 My thriving shop ; whereby, I did afford
 My Brethren better pennyworths ; nay, more,
 She had a gift, (was all the City ore
 Well known) in making Puddings, whose meer view
 Would make a Profelyte, and convert a Jew ;
 Whose new Religion would proclaim our Hogs
 As clean and holy as their Synagogues ;
 These would she beare from house to house, and sell
 To holy Brethren, who would please her well ;
 For under that pretence, she oft repeated
 Some close preacht Sermon ; oftentimes entreated
 Of holy Discipline ; sometimes gave warning
 Of some rare Lecture held next Thursday morning :
 I know not how, (fraile flesh and blood ye know
 Can doe no more then flesh and blood can doe)
 But to be short, she would so often fig
 From place to place, that she was grown too big
 To be conceal'd from wicked neighb'ring eyes ;
 T'avoid the scandall, I thought good t'arise,
 And flee to *Amsterdam*, till I could garher,
 By information, the reputed Father.

CAN.

A wholesome Hist'ry ! able to transforme
 Abus'd Religions sunshine to a storme
 Of direfull Thunderbolts, to overthrow
 All Christian Rulers, that dare longer ow
 Confusion to the Varlets, and not grind them

O 2

To

To dust, and send them to the place design'd them :
 Had'st thou that impudence, that brazen face,
 In the sag end of thy unsav'ry, base,
 Triobular trades (foule beast;) nay, piping hot
 From thy close Strumper, thus to soile, and blot
 The beauty of Religion, and to wrong
 The Gospels name with thy illiterate tongue :

ANAR.

Were not th'Apostles Fishers, and not fly
 Their trades, and preach'd the word as well as I :

CAN.

Avoid, presumptuous Varlet ; urge no more
 My tyred patience ; Goe, seeke out thy Whore,
 Thy fit Compere, and exercise thy trade
 Vpon her ruin'd stockings, much decaid
 With long pursuit, and trudging all about
 To find the Father of her Bastard out ;
 Whil'st I remove my Zenith, and go hence,
 To waile this fruitlesse howers misfexence,
 And pray to heaven, that heaven would please to keep
 Such Goats still separated from my sheep.

EGLOGVE.

EGLOGVE IX.

{ *Iudex.* }
 { *Romastix.* }
 { *Flambello.* }

JUD.

THis is the place, the hower, this the tree,
 Beneath whose hospitable shades, must be
 This challeng'd combat, But the champions stay
 Exceeds their limits ; 'Tis an equall lay
 That neither come : they were so hot last night,
 'Tis like their quarrell ended with the light :
 But who comes yonder? Look, methinks't should be,
 By's gate, *Romastix*; No, 'tis not; 'tis he :
 Me thinks his posture prophesies of *Palmes*
 Before th'encounter ; see, how sweet imbalmes
 His varnisht Temples ! How each envious pace
 Vies to be first, and eches for the place !
 He's neer at hand ; Champion let faire applause
 Crown your intended comba, let your Cause
 Thrive as it merits ; let this morning dare

O 3

Bring

Bring forth an Evening peace, the Child of warre;
 Let Truth prevaile, at last, and let heaven send,
 First, a faire Enemy; next, a faithfull Friend.

R O M.

Thanks, gentle *Index*; for the last, I durst
 Assure my selfe in thee: but where's the first?
 Where's our brave Enemy? whose very breath,
 Last night, could pufte an Heretick to death,
 Then by the vertue of *St. Francis* name,
 Could snatch a well broyl'd soule from the sad flame
 Of *Purgatory*, from the sulph'rous flashes
 Of hells hot Suburbs, and inspire his ashes
 With a new Catholike soule; whose knee shall gain
 Salvation from a Puppet, for the pain
 Of twenty *Paters nosters*, and thrice seaven
 Repeated *Aves* to the Queen of heaven:
 But look; Am I deceiv'd? Or doe I see
 Our *Boanarges* comming?

J U D.

Sure 'tis hee.

R O M.

'Tis he, Heaven grant that his discourse may trace
 A measure, but as sober as his pace:
 Lord, how his tongue last evening shot at rover!
 Sometimes, how wide it shot! How, sometimes, over!
 How like a new broke Colt, he pranc'd about!
 Sometimes stept orderly, sometimes flew out:
 His hot-mouth'd argument, would for a space

Strike

Strike a good stroke ; then straight forsake his pace :
How his discretion sunk, while his tongue flared !
His wit false gallop'd, while his judgment trotted.
But here he comes.

JUD.

The blessings of the day
Greets thee.

FLAM.

And let the glory of the fray
Crown my triumphant Browes with conquest.

ROM.

Take my God-morrow, first, and then inherit
The Crown that shall be purchas'd by thy merit,
And justnesse of thy well defended cause.

FLAM.

The like to thee.

JUD.

But let the chief applause
Be given to Truth ; which must and will prevaile,
How ever you defend, or he assaile :
She does not like a thredbare Client, sue
For help, nor does her cause subsist by you :
But like a Queen, sits in her Palace royall,
To judge betwixt the Rebel and the Loyall :
Then quit your selves, and let the day proclame,
Who's the true Subject : Truth is still the same :
Romastix this your first arrivall here,
Gives you precedence : you shall truly sweare,

No

No private grudge ; nor no malicious end
 Of base revenge did move you to contend
 In these fair lists, no itch of vaine applause,
 But a true thirst, to advance the publike cause.

ROM.

I doe.

JUD.

And you *Flambello* too, shall sweare,
 You try this combat, with a conscience cleare,
 From by-respects of preadviced hate,
 Or spleen, of later, or of elder date :
 And that you aime not at a private foe,
 But at the glory of the Truth.

FLAM.

I doe.

JUD.

Then Champions, too't ; you cannot be too stern,
 In Truths behalfe ; 'tis best to be altern ;
 For mutuall language works a faire conclusion :
 Truth is the Queene of order ; not confusion.

ROM.

I here appeach *Flambello*, as a High-
 -Traitort to the sacred Crown, and dignity
 Of Sovereign Truth, a Rebel to her Lawes,
 A private *Iudas* to the publike Cause.

FLAM

FLAM.

Blisters oth' tongue that speaks it! He that durst
Proclaim, and not maintain it, be accurst.

ROM.

They'r Traitours, rob their Sovereign of their due;
You doe the same ; and therefore such are you.

FLAM.

You argue with lesse Charity, then Art ;
Your halting Minor's false as your own heart.

ROM.

He that invests another in the Throne
Of Truth ; or owns a Prince, but Truth alone,
Robs his own Sovereign ; But such are you,
You therefore rob your Sovereign of her due:

FLAM.

You plead for Truth ; and yet you speak beside
The Text of Truth : your Minor is denied.

ROM.

They that prefer their own brain-bred Traditions
Before her perfect Laws ; make, here, additions;
P And

And, there, Abstractions from her sacred hests,
Depose the old, and a new Prince invests;
But you prefer Traditions; therefore you
Depose the old Prince, and invest a new.

FLAM.

The selfe-same Spirit that inspir'd the words
Of holy Prophets, in old time affords
Vndoubted Truth to the most just Traditions
Of holy Councils, whose divine Commissions
Make it a perfect Truth, which they averre
Confirmed by a Head that cannot erre.

ROM.

Admit all this ! Can very Truth take place
Of very Truth ? Has Truth a double face ?
How can the wav'ring will of man be guided
Betwixt two Sp'rits ; at least, one Sp'rit divided ?
But say, upon what shoulders grows that Head
That cannot erre : that cannot be mislead ?
What is he ? Where is his abode ? That I
May bow my knees, and worship ere I dye.

FLAM.

It is our holy Father ; He, that keeps
The keys of heaven, and of th' Infernall deeps ;
He that has power, with those sacred keyes,
To open heaven, and lock it when he please ;
To open Hells broad portals, and let out

His

His dire Anathemaes to scourge the stout
 Rebellious heart ; and Legions, to devour
 All such as will not prostrate to his Powre,
 And high Omnipotency, but rebell
 Against the Chamberlain of Heaven :

R O M.

And Hell :

But tell me to what sort of souls does he
 Expand the Gates of heaven ?

F L A M.

To such as be

Obedient to his laws ; whose purged hearts
 Have felt the flames of Purgatory, and smarts
 Of holy Penance, that observe and do
 All things his Holinesse enjoyns them to :
 The Gates of Heaven stand ope for such as these.

R O M.

If he be paid for turning of the keys :
 What sort of sins unlock the gates of Hell ?

F L A M.

The disobedient hearts, that puffed and swell
 Against his Government ; To such as dare
 Question the Councils of our holy Chaire :
 To Hereticks ; and such as plot revenge ;
 These are the Card'nall sins, that greaze the henge.

P 2

R O M.

R O M.

But what betides to riotous Gluttons, then,
 Hell-tutor'd Sorcerers, and incestuous men?
 Unnat'rall *Sodomites*, and the brasse-brow'd Lye?
 Those that give false Commissions, nay, and hyer
 Perverted subjects to dissolve their bands
 Of abjur'd Loyalty, and lay violent hands
 On their own Princes? Are th'Infernall keys
 Lesse nimble to unlock Hels gate for these?

F L A M.

These break the dores, and rend the Portals ope,
 Unless the grace of our Lord God the Pope
 Give former Dispensation; or at least
 An after Pardon.

R O M.

I conceiv'd, the best
 Your Al-sufficient Popes could doe, had bin,
 God-like to pardon a forsaken sin,
 But to afford a Dispensation too
 For after crimes, is more then heaven will doe:
 No wonder, then, the Councils of your Chaire
 Claim the right hand, and your Traditions dare
 Take place of Scripture, when that God of yours,
 That cannot erre, is stronger arm'd, then ours.

F L A M.

It stands not with obedience to aspire

Unto

Unto such holy heights, as to enquire
 Into the sacred secrets of the Chaire ;
 All Champions must lay down their weapons, there :
 Doubts cool devotion ; And the good digestion
 Of Catholiques faith is hinder'd, where we question.

R O M A S T.

Such dainty stomachs, as are daily fill'd
 With costly delicates, are eas'ly chill'd ;
 When faith can feed upon no lower things
 Then Crowns dissolv'd, and drink the blood of Kings,
 Experience tels, that oftentimes digestion
 Finds strange obstructions, where Indictments questiō:
 But since your guilt (beneath the fair pretence
 Of filiall silence) leaves yee no defence
 From your reposed weapons ; breathe a space
 And take up new ones, which may plead your case
 (With the quick spirit of a keener edge)
 Against the foule reproach of Sacriledge :
 That Bread of life ; which, with a lib'rall hand,
 Heaven made a common gift, you countermand ;
 And what his bounty carv'd to every one,
 You falsly challenge to your selves alone ;
 He gives his children loaves ; where you afford
 But crums, being fed, like dogs, beneath your board ;
 That holy draught, that Sacramentall Cup,
 Which heaven divides among them, you drink up :
 You are Impostors, and delude poor soules,
 And what your pamper'd Prelates swill in Bowles,
 Like fooles, you send them to exhaust from dead
 And pallid veines of your Incarnate Bread.

FLAM.

First, for the Bread, which your false tongues avei
 We ravish from the childrens lips, you erre:
 Your censures misinterpret our intent;
 We doe but dresse the Grist, that heaven hath sent;
 And, by our mixture, raise a sweeter Paste,
 To adde a pleasure to the childrens taste:
 Next; for that sacred Blood, you grossly term,
 By th' name of Wine; which, rudely you affirm,
 Our pamper'd Prelates swill in lusty Bowles,
 And after, send our poor deluded soules
 To suck; to suck in vain from out the dead
 And pallid veins of our Incarnate Bread;
 You show your wisdomes: It is living Flesh,
 Wherein are living Streams, that doe refresh
 The drooping soul; A perfect Sacrifice
 Of perfect Flesh and Blood, in Breads disguise.

ROM.

Your double answer wants a single force:
 And is the Grist of heaven become so course
 To need your sifting? Can your mixtures adde
 A sweetnesse to it, which it never had?
 Your Chaire (whose brow hath brasse enough, to call
 Saint *Pauls* Epistles, Heresies, and Saint *Paul*
 A hare-brain'd Schismatick, and once projected,
 To have his Errors purg'd, and Text corrected)
 May eas'ly tax, and censure all the rest,
 Being all indited by the selfe-same brest:

But

But is that Body living, that ye tear
 With your ranck teeth ? How worse doe you appear
 Then Canibals, to be an Vndertaker
 In that foul act, to eat, to grinde your Maker !
 Your double answer does abridge the story
 Of the true Passion of the Lord of glory ;
 Your first condemns him ; and, (the sentence past)
 You boldly crucifie him, in your last :
 But is it reall Flesh, ye thus devour ;
 Timber'd with bones, and like this flesh of our ?
 Say, doe you eat, and grind it, Flesh and Bone ?
 Or like an unchew'd Pill, but swallow't down ?
 If onely swallow ; Champion, you compleat not
 Your work : You take the Body, but you eat not :
 If eat ; you falsifie what heaven hath spoken ;
 Can you eat bones, and yet a bone not broken ?
 But tell me, tell me, what was he that first
 Did make so bold, to make himself accurst,
 To rob the Decalogue, and to withdraw
 The second Statute from the Morall law ?
 Why was that Statute thought a worse offence
 Then all the rest ? Could not your Chair dispence
 With that as safely as with all the rest ?
 What has that Statute done ? wherein transgress,
 That you have made the Tables too too hot
 To hold it ? Champion, speak, why speakest thou not ?

F L A M.

Superiour powers, that have large Commission
 To judge, conceive it but a repetition
 Of the first Statute, and thought fit to take

It

It thence for brevity, for corruption sake.

R O M.

Corruption sake? Did never word disclose
From Roman lips more true: what tongue ere chose
A term more proper, that more full exprest
Th' Idea of a well-composed brest?
I wish no greater Conquest, or Concession
Of a fair truth, then from a foes Confession.

F L A M.

You boast too soon: Take heed your vain conceit
Befools you not with a false Antidate:
Ill-grounded triumphs are but breaths expence;
Fools catch at words; but wise men at the sense.

R O M.

Content thee, Champion; every gamester knows,
That Falsifies are Play, as well as blows:
But tell me now; If each Abstraction draws
A curse upon th' Abstractor from those laws,
How can your Councils scape this judgement then,
That have exil'd the Second from the Ten?

F L A M.

Their number's nere the lesse, for where we smother
One Statute, we dichotomize another.

R O M.

R O M.

Then, Champion ; there's a double curse, you know :
One, for abstracting ; one, for adding to :
But to proceed ; what law of God denies
The bands of marriage ? What exceptionties
That undefil'd, that honourable life
From Priestly Orders ? *Aaron* had his wife ;
And he, from whom yee claim (but claim amiss)
The free succession of your keys, had his.
Heavens Statute qualifies all sorts of men ;
How came yee to repeal that Statute then ?

F L A M.

Mariage is but an Antidote for lust,
It is ordain'd for such as dare not trust
The frailty of their bodies, or want art
To quench the roving tempters fiery dart :
But such, whose vessels Prayer, and Fasting keeps
Unsoild and pure, where idle blood nere creeps
Into their wanton veines ; that can restrain
Base lust ; to such, this Antidote is vain :
Such be our sacred Priests, whose horned knees
Are seldome streight, but pay their howrely fees
To the worn ground, whose Embr'ing lips send up
Perpetuall vows ; whose wine-abjuring Cup
Yeelds no delight ; whose stomachs are content
To celebrate an everlasting Lent.

Q

R O M.

R O M.

Say, Champion then, for what respects? for whom,
 Are Brothels licenc'd by the lawes of Rome?
 Laymen may wed; there, licence is unjust,
 Where Law allowes a remedy for lust:
 But if your Priesthood be so undefil'd
 How came that pamp'ring Pope, (the onely child
 Of his long since deceased Syre) to own
 So many jolly Nephewes, whose unknown
 And doubtfull Parentage, truth fear'd to blaze,
 Vntill the next succeeding Prelates daies?
 How is't such vaulted Entries have been found,
 Affording secret passage, under ground,
 (With pathes deluding *Argus* thousand eyes)
 Betwixt your Abbies, and your Nunneries?
 How come the depths of your deep throated Wells,
 (Where utter shades, and empty horror dwells)
 To yeeld such Reliques; and in stead of stones,
 To be impav'd with new-borne Infants bones?

F L A M.

Plagues, Horror, Madnesse, and th'Infernall troops
 Of hells Anathema's; the schreeching whoops
 Of damned foules; this present worlds disdain,
 And that worse world to come's eternall pain;
 Our holy *Urbans* execrable curse,
 Or (if unthought on) any plague be worse,
 Confound these base, these upstart *Luth'ran* tongues,
 That spit such poyson, and project these wrongs
 Against

Against our Church.

R O M.

A Curse sufficient ! hold,
And lend my tongue your patience, to unfold
Your Catholike Church; & when my words shal end,
Speake you your pleasure, while mine eares attend:
Your Church is like a Market; where, for Gold,
Both Sinnes and Pardons, may be bought and sold:
It is a Jugglers shop, whose Master showes
Fine tricks at Fast and Loose, with Oathes and voves:
It is a Mill; wherein, the Laity grind
For the fat Clergy, being still kept blind:
It is a Schoole, whose Schollers, ill directed,
Are once a yeare, by their own hands corrected:
It is a Magazine, wherein are lai'd
More choice of Scriptures, then their Maker made:
It is a Church, depraves the Text; and then,
Pins the Authority on the sleeves of men:
It is a slaughter-house, where Butchers bring
All sorts of men; and now and then, a King:
It is a sort of people, doe unthrone
The living God, and deifie a stone:
It is a Woman, that in youth, has bin
A Whore; and now in age, a Baud to sin:
It damnes poore Infants, to eternall fire,
For want of what they liv'd not to desire:
It dare assure us sound before the cure,
And bids despaire, where we should most assure:
It leads poore Women captive, does contrary
The lawfull use of Meats; forbids to marry.

JUD.

Hold, Champions, hold; 'Tis needlesse to renew
Your fight; The day grows hot, as well as you:
It is against the course of Martiall Lawes
To deal a blow in a decided Cause:
Sheath up your sanguine blades; These wars have cost
Much blood and sweat: The field is won and lost;
And we adjudge the Palms triumphant Bow
Of Conquest to renown'd *Romastix* brow;
And, with our shrill-mouth'd Trumpet we proclame
Eternall honour to his honour'd name,
Who shall be styl'd, to his perpetuall prayse,
Truths faithfull Champion till the last of dayes:
Queen Truth shall prosper, when her Pleader fails:
Great is the Truth; and that great Truth prevails.

EGLOGVE

EGLOGVE X.

{ *Orthodoxus.* }
 { *Catholicus.* }
 { *Nuncius.* }

ORTH.

WHat news, *Catholicus* ? You lately came
 From the great City: what's the voice of Fame?

CATH.

The greatest part of what my sense receives,
 Is the least part of what my Faith believes:
 I search for none : If ought, perchance, I hear
 Unask'd, it often dies within my eare,
 Untold ; What this man, or what that man saith,
 Can hardly make a Packhorse on my Faith :
 But, now I think on't ; There's great talk about
 A strange prediction Star, long since, found out
 By learned *Ticho-brachy*, whose portents
 Reach, to these Times, they say, and tels th'events

Q 3

Of

Of strange adventures, whose successe shall bring
 Illustrious fame, to a victorious King,
 Born in Northern parts ; whose glorious arme
 Shall draw a sword, a sword that shall be warm
 With Austrian blood, & whose loud beaten drum
 Shall send, beyond the walls of Christendome,
 Her royall conquering Marches, to controule
 (Even from the Artick, to th' Antartick pole)
 The spawn of Antichrist, and to engore
 Those Bald-pate Panders of proud Babels Whore.

O R T H.

May these portents be sure, as they are great ;
 And may that drum ne're sound her faint retreat,
 Till these things take effect : But tell me, Swaine,
 How hapt this lucky Comet to remaine
 So long in silence, and, at length, to blaze
 With us, and be the rumor of our daies.

C A T H.

There is a Prince, new risen from the North,
 Of mighty spirit, and renowned worth ;
 Prudent and pious ; for heroick deeds,
 At least a *Cæsar*, in whose heart, the seeds
 Of true Religion were so timely sown,
 That they are sprung to height, and he is grown
 The wonder of his daies ; whose louder name
 Has blast enough to split the Trump of Fame :
 Hast thou beheld the heavens greater eye,
 Maskt in a swarthy cloud, how, by and by,

It

It breaketh forth; and, with his glorious ray,
 Gives glory to the discontented day ?
 So this illustrious Prince, scarce nam'd among
 The rank of common Princes, bravely sprung
 From his dark Throne ; and with his brighter story
 Hast soil'd the lustre of preceding glory :
 This is that Man, on whom the common eye
 Is turn'd ; on his adventure does relye
 The worlds discourse ; this is that flame of fire
 We hope shall burn (we hope as we desire)
 Proud *Babel* : this, the arme that shall unhenge
 Th'incestuous gates of *Sodom*, and revenge
 The blood of blessed Martyrs spilt, and trying
 In flames ; (blood, that has been this age a crying
 For slow-pac'd vengeance) this is he, whose Throne
 This blazing Prophet bent his eye upon.

O R T H.

And well it may ; The kalender, whereby
 We rurall Shepherds calculate, and forespy
 Things future, Good or Evill, hath late descry'd
 That evill affected planet *Mars*, ally'd
 To temporizing *Mercury*, conjoyn'd
 I'th'house of Death ; whereby we Shepherds find
 Strange showres of blood, arising from the North,
 And flying Southward, likely to breake forth
 Vpon the Austrian parts, and raise a flood,
 To overwhelm that bloody House, with Blood :
 That House ; which like a Sun in this our Orbe,
 Whiffes up the Belgick fumes, and does absorb
 From every Soile rich vapours, and exhale

From

From Sea and Land, within our Christian pale ;
 A Sun , the beams of whose Meridian glory
 Fill eyes with wonder , and all tongues with story.

CATH.

But there's a Viall, to be emptied out
 Vpon this glorious Planet ; which, no doubt,
 Thine eye and mine shall see , within these few
 Approaching days ; (if Shepheards signes be true)
 No doubt, the lingring times are sliding on,
 Wherein, this House shall flame, and this bright Sun
 Shall lose his light, shall lose his light, and never
 Shine more, but be eclips'd, eclips'd for ever :
 O Shepheard ; If the pray'rs of many a Swain
 Have audience, and our hopes be not in vain,
 This is that Prince, whose conqu'ring Drum shal beat
 Through the proud streets of Room, and shall unseat
 The Man of sin ; and, with his sword unthroned
 The Beast, and trample on his triple Crown :
 This is that Angel, whose full hand does grasp
 That threatned Viall, and whose fingers clasp
 This flaming *Fauchin*, which shall hew and burn
 The lims of Antichrist, and nere return
 Into his quiet sheath, till that proud Whore,
 That perks so high, lye groveling on the Flore.

ORTH.

Shepheard ; Me thinks, when my glad ears attends
 Vpon his fair successe, his Actions, Ends,
 His Valour, Wisdome, Piety, when I scan

AH

All this, me thinks, I think on more then Man:
 O, how my soul lies down before the feet
 Of this brave Prince ! O, how my blessings greet
 Each obvious action, whose loud breath I dare
 Not hear, unprosper'd with my better pray'r :
 I must forget the peace of *Sion*, when
 I cease to honour this brave Man of men :
 Had *Plutarch* liv'd till now, to blazon forth
 His life, (as sure he would) what Prince of worth,
 Or Greek, or Roman, had his single story
 Selected out to parallel his Glory ?

C A T H.

O Shepherd, he, whose service is employ'd
 In heavens high battels, can doe nothing void
 Of fame, and wonder ; nothing, lesse then glorious :
 Heavens Champion must prevail ; must be victorious:
 But, O, what hap ! what happinesse have wee,
 The last, and dregs of Ages, thus to see
 These hopefull Times ; nay more, to sit beneath,
 Beneath our quiet Vines, and think of death
 By leisure, when Spring-tides of blood o'whelms
 The interrupted peace of forain Realms !
 Our painfull Oxen plough our peacefull grounds ;
 Our quiet streets nere startle at the sounds
 Of Drums or Trumpets ; neither Wolf, nor Fox
 Disturb the Folds of our encreasing Flocks :
 Our Kids, and sweet-fac'd Lambs can frisk, and feed
 In our fresh Pastures, whilst our Oaten Reed
 Can breath her merry strains, and voice can sing
 Her frolick Past' rals to our Shepherd-King.

R

ORTH.

ORTH.

'Tis not for our deserts ; or that our ways
 Are more upright, then theirs of former days :
 We lay the *Pelion* of our new Transgressions
 Upon our Fathers *Ossa* : The Confessions
 Of our offences ; nay, our very pray'rs
 Are more corrupt then the worst sins of theirs :
 Sure, Swain, the streams of Mercy run more clear
 Then they were wont ; Her smiling eyes appear
 More gracious now, in these our Borean climes,
 Then other Nations, or in former times.

CATH.

Shepherd ; Perchance, some fifty righteous men,
 Perchance, but thirty ; Peradventure, ten
 Have made our peace : Perchance, th' Almighty's eare
 Has found a *Moses*, or some *Phineas*, here.

ORTH.

Vengeance, that threatned sinfull *Israels* crime,
 For *David's* sake, nere stirr'd all *David's* time :
 'Twas *David's* piety did suspend the blow
 Of Vengeance : Have not we a *David* too ? (scatter,
 A Prince ; whose worth, what our poor tongues can
 May rather wrong for want of height, then flatter ;
 A pious Prince ; whose very Actions preach
 Rare Doctrines ; does, what others doe but teach ;
 A Prince, whom neither flames of youth can fire,
 Nor beauty adde the least to his desire ;
 Whose eyes are like the eyes of Turtles, chaste ;
 Can view ten thousand dainties, and yet tast

But

But one; but in that dainty, can digest
 The perfect Quintessence of all the rest:
 A Prince, that (briefly to characterize him)
 Wants nothing, but a People, how to prize him.
 Evill Princes, oft, draw plagues upon the Times,
 Whereas good Princes salve their peoples Crimes.

CATH.

Thou hast not spoken many things, but much;
 Such is our People, and our Prince is such:
 Such fierce temptations still attend upon
 The glitt'ring Pompe of the Imperiall Throne,
 I, either wonder Princes should be good,
 Or else conceive them not of Flesh and Blood:
 What change of pleasure can his soul command,
 And not obtain, being Lord of all the Land?
 What bold? what ventrous spirit dare enquire
 Into the lawfulnessse of his desire?
 What Crown-controlling *Nathan* dare begin
 To question Vice? or call his sin, a sin?
 Who is't, that will not undertake to be
 His sins Attorney? Nay, what man is he
 That will not temporize, and fan the fire
 T' encrease the flames of his unblown desire?
 What place may not be secret? or what eye
 Dare (under pain of putting out) once pry
 Into his Closet? or what season will
 Not wait upon his pleasure, to fulfill
 His royall lust? what chaste *Sophronia* would
 Wound her own heart, for fear her Soverain should?
 O, Shepherd, what a Prince have we, that can

Continue just, and yet continue Man !
 No doubt, but vengeance would confound these times,
 Were not his Goodnesse far above our crimes :
 Alas ; Our happy Age (that has enjoy'd
 The best, the best of Princes, and is cloy'd
 With prosp'rous Plenty, and the sweet increase
 Of right-hand Blessings) in this glut of peace,
 Loaths very Quails and Manna ; we are strangers
 To those hard evils, to those continuall dangers
 That cleave to States, wherein poor subjects grone
 Beneath the Vices of th'Imperiall Throne :
 They cannot prize good Princes, that nere had
 The too too dear experience of a bad :
 Who knows not *Pharoh* ? Or the plagues, that brake
 Upon the people for hard *Pharohs* sake ?

O R T H.

The Acts of Princes mount with Eagle-wings :
 Few know th'Alliance between God and Kings.

C A T H.

Look, Shepherd, look ! Whose hasty feet are they
 That trace the Plains so quick ? They bend this way.

O R T H.

His steps divide apace ; Pray God, his haff
 Be good : Good tidings seldome come so fast.

C A T H.

CATH.

I think 'tis *Nuncius*.

ORTH.

Nuncius never uses

To come unnews'd.

CATH.

I wonder what the news is ?

ORTH.

See, how he strikes his breast !

CATH.

Good Lord, how sad

His countenance seems !

ORTH.

What, *Nuncius*, good or bad ?*Nuncius* CATH.

Bad! Worse! The worst of worsts! The heaviest news
 That lips ere broach'd, or language can diffuse !
 O, earths bright Sun's eclips'd! Ah me! is drench'd
 In blood ! His flames are quench'd, for ever quench'd:
 That light, which wondring Shepherds did adore,
 Is out ; will never shine on Shepherd more:
 Expect no Sunshine from the beams of *Suede* ;
Sueden, the glory of the world, is dead :
 Our strength is broke, and all our hopes are vain ;
Sueden, the glory of the world, is slain :
 Our Sun is set, and earth now wants a Sun ;

R 3

Sueden,

Sueden, the glory of the earth is gone :
Gone, gone for ever to eternall night ;
Earth wants her *Sueden*, and the world, her light.

CATH.

Fond hopes ! why damp ye not my dull belief,
To lend a little respite to my grief ?
What ailes my passion to beleeve so soon
The Evill it feares ? Can *Phabus*, in the noon
Of his Meridian glory, cease to shine,
Before his Solstice leaves him to decline
The least degree ? Can brave *Adolphus* fall,
And heaven not give us warning ? none at all ?
There was no Comet blaz'd : no apparition
Of kindled Metcours, lent the least suspicion : (dation,
Me thinks, the heavens should flame, and earths foun-
Should shake, against so great an alteration.

ORTH.

But is it certain, *Nuncius* ?

NUN.

I, too sure :
The wounds of death admit no hopes of cure :

ORTH.

God knows his own designs : His sacred brest
Knows where to propagate his glory best :
His hidden ways agree not with our eyes :
His wars must prosper, though his Champion dyes :

We

We must not question Fate : where heaven thinks fit
 To doe, we must be silent, and submit :
 We must not look too near ; we must not pry ;
 Perhaps, young *Joshuah* lives, though *Moses* dye :
 Give *Suede* his honour, and enroll his name
 Among the Worthies, in the book of Fame :
 Give him the honour of his double story,
 Begun in Grace, and perfected in Glory :
 But let our fond Indulgence be adviz'd,
 In hon'ring *Sueden*, heaven be not dispriz'd :
 We must not languish, in a morall thirst,
 T'advance the second Cause, and sleight the first ;
 We must not droop, for want of *Suedes* Alarm,
 As if that heaven were bound to *Suedens* Arm :
 That God, that hath recall'd our *Sueden*, can
 Make a new *Sueden* of a common Man.

CATH.

But see ! The drooping day begins to do'n
 His mourning weeds ; The fullen night draws on :
 'Tis time to fold our sheep ; They little know,
 Or feel those sorrows, their poor Shepherds do :
 Shepherds, farewell ; Perchance the morrow light
 May shine forth better news :

ORTH.

God night.

NUN.

God night.

FINIS.